

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

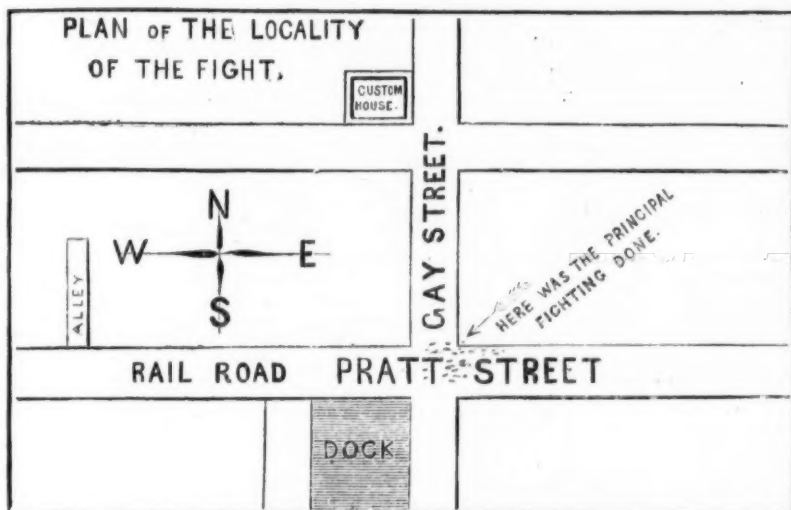


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NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861.

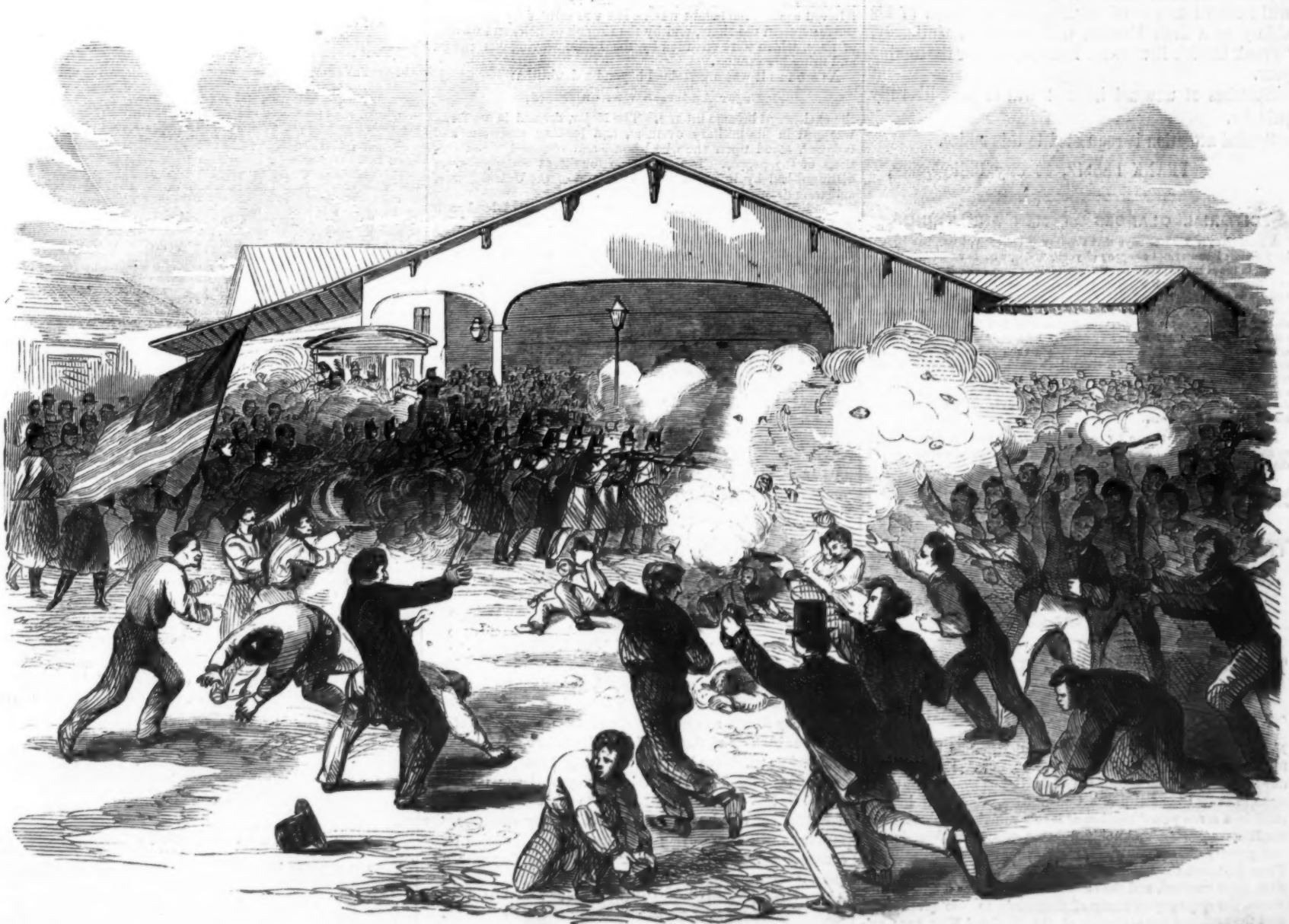
[PRICE 6 CENTS.]



PLAN OF THE LOCALITY WHERE THE PRINCIPAL FIGHTING TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE, APRIL 18, 1861.



CARRYING AWAY THE DEAD AND WOUNDED AFTER THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS FIRING INTO THE PEOPLE AT THE KENSINGTON DEPOT, BALTIMORE, WHILE TAKING THE CARS FOR WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. SEE PAGE 875.

Barnum's American Museum

IS overflowing with Living Wonders, including Old Grizzly Adams' California Bears, which perform a variety of amusing tricks, Sea Lion, Astor Children, Albino Family, What is the Bearded Lady, Lilliputian Queen, and Superb Dramatic Performances every afternoon and evening.

IRVING HALL,

IRVING PLACE AND FIFTEENTH STREET,
Opposite to the

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

FOR BALLS, CONCERTS, LECTURES, FESTIVALS, FAIRS, &c., &c., &c.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1861.

Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

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NOTICE TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be much obliged to our photographic friends if they will write in pencil the name and description on the back of each picture, together with their own name and address. This notice is rendered necessary from the fact that so many photographs are sent to us from our friends throughout the country without one word of explanatory matter, they giving us credit for being in support with everything that transpires or exists in all parts of the United States. The columns of our paper prove that we are up to the times in almost everything which occurs of public importance throughout the world, still we are not so ubiquitous but that something may occur beyond the circuit of our far-reaching information. To save labor and insure accuracy, descriptions and names (as above indicated) should, in all cases, accompany photographic pictures or sketches.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To Officers and others Attached to the Armies of the Federal and the Confederate States.

I shall be happy to receive from Officers and others attached to either Army, sketches of important events and striking incidents which may occur during the impending struggle which seems to threaten the country. For such sketches, forwarded promptly, I will pay liberally.

My corps of Artists is unequalled in the country, and correspondents can depend upon their sketches, however rough, being produced in the finest style of art.

Any gentleman connected with either Army who will forward us a small sketch, as a specimen of his ability as a draughtsman, will receive, gratuitously, "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," for the coming year.

Sketches of unusual interest will be most liberally paid for.

Special attention is requested to this notice.

FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square,

EDITORIAL GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS.

A Southern Paper says that a county of Chicaw, Miss., has a regularly officered and drilled company of young ladies, who have pledged themselves, in the event that the men are called into service, to protect their homes and families during their absence, and see that the farms are properly cultivated, and full crops raised not only for the support of the county, but of the army of Mississippi. The *Day Book* suggests that these Chicaw beauties should be sent against the Seventh Regiment of New York, since the well-known gallantry of this favorite corps would naturally induce them to present arms to it. Another paper—which even these troubled times cannot tutor into seriousness—inclines to the belief that they would be better employed in raising and drilling infantry. At all events, this regiment of the Misses of Mississippi would be invaluable in a Nursery of soldiers. These episodes resemble the silver lining of that terrible cloud now passing over us, but still they are hardly subjects for humor.

In Times like these levity is misplaced, but who can refuse to laugh at such Roman Tribune literature as this? It is, of course, in an article upon the great subject of the day:

"Would Leonidas have given up Sumpter? No, by Hercules! Fabius Maximus *Chumelid* delayed, but with arms in his hands, his whole force on foot, and his position clearly defined."

THE MONSTER MEETING IN UNION SQUARE!

Two Hundred Thousand People Come
Out at the Call.

THE VOICE OF NEW YORK FOR THE UNION!

The Government to be Supported at All Risks!

Never has the great heart of our beloved Republic beat with so full and deep a pulse as it did on the 20th of April, for on that day the citizens of the Metropolis of the United States were called upon to show their fealty to a Constitution, which was inaugurated in a seven years' baptism of heroic suffering unparalleled in the History of Man, and nobly did that great heart beat—nobly and grandly did the millions respond as one man to the challenge. From daybreak the countenance of our citizens had a seriousness quite unusual, and the silent and continuous closing of the stores, the spontaneous tramp of thousands to one given spot, and the multitudinous display of the National Flag, gave evidence that for once the nation was aroused to a sense of its responsibility and peril. Man, woman and child seemed alike stirred by one instinct. Sectional differences were swallowed up

in one grand maelstrom—Patriotism. Long before the hour named for the commencement of the proceedings, which was three o'clock, thousands were pouring from every thoroughfare to the one grand centre, Union Square, and at that time there would not have been less than a hundred and fifty thousand men assembled in Union Square and its adjacencies to give their support to the Constitution.

Long before this hour Major Anderson had been escorted to the Everett House, where he was received by the General Committee, and soon after the gallant defender of Fort Sumpter, accompanied by the Committee, made his appearance on the principal stand, where he was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. The business of the meeting commenced with a short address by the Rev. Mr. Spring of the Old Brick Church, which he closed by an appropriate prayer, the whole mighty mass responding Amen.

When this ceremony was completed the President, Hon. John A. Dix, on taking the chair alluded to the honor conferred to him, and made a short but effective speech, urging the support of the Union. Mr. McMurdo then read the resolutions pledging the meeting to sustain the Government, and urging the appointment of a Committee of Twenty-five Citizens to represent the city in the collection of funds, and the transaction of business in aid of the Government.

The Hon. D. A. Dickenson then came forward, and made a stirring appeal to the patriotism of the State. This noble old Democrat was received with a hearty welcome.

Senator Baker, of Oregon, next addressed the meeting in a speech of similar sentiments, and was followed by the Hon. R. J. Walker. A patriotic letter was then read from Archbishop Hughes, strong in its attachment to the Union.

The Hon. Fernando Wood also made one of his emphatic speeches, which was much applauded.

The meeting was then addressed by Gov. Hunt, Mr. Evarts, Cabel Lyon, Hiram Ketchum, Gov. Hamilton Fish, John Cochran, Mr. Raymond of the *Times*, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. Havemeyer, Royal Phelps, Senator Spinola, W. J. Fuller and others.

Their speeches all breathed one sentiment, and showed a deep seated attachment to the Republic, which drew forth long and loud responses of applause.

Among the gratifying circumstances attending this grand demonstration, we may mention that not a single act of disorder occurred in this vast multitude—a convincing proof that a people can govern themselves.

ARRIVAL OF MAJOR ANDERSON AND HIS COMMAND IN NEW YORK.

The arrival of Major Anderson and his gallant command on Thursday, the 18th, aroused the generous enthusiasm of our people, and large crowds were waiting at the foot of Canal street and at the Battery in the expectation that he would land at one of those places. The *Baltic*, which brought the garrison of Fort Sumpter from Charleston, arrived off Sandy Hook at twelve M. The Bavaria, from Hamburg, preceded the *Baltic* by a few moments, and this steamer, as well as all the craft in the bay and the houses along the shore, were decked with flags in honor of Major Anderson's arrival.

As the steamer came slowly up the harbor, her black hull relieved against the bright waters, she was saluted by guns from the forts, from the shore, and by the ringing of bells and waving of flags, which were returned by the *Baltic* waving her ensign and firing her cannon.

As soon as it was ascertained beyond a doubt that

Major Anderson was on Board,

the excitement became intense. The Major, dressed in uniform, wrapped in his military overcoat, and looking careworn and fatigued, stood upon the wheel-house and returned the salutations of the people. The men who fought at Sumpter were distinguished by being in the full uniform of the United States, and were drawn up on the quarterdeck.

The little steam ferryboat belonging to Governor's Island soon came alongside the *Baltic* and received Major Anderson and his party. As she steamed up the bay the greatest enthusiasm was exhibited, and the landing at the Battery was a noble and well deserved ovation. Major Anderson and his officers stepped at once into carriages and drove to the Brevoort House. Here another ovation awaited him. Thousands had collected round the hotel and in the neighborhood to get a glimpse of the hero of the day and for all time. In answer to their shouts he bowed frequently, and seemed deeply gratified that the people, at least, appreciated his devotion, loyalty and courage. He seemed, however, careworn and fatigued, and speedily retired.

One instance of his popularity touched him deeply. He had scarcely got into the hotel, when the boys from Ward School No. 35, to the number of about five hundred, assembled on the sidewalks in front of the hotel and commenced cheering for the Union and Major Anderson. The gallant Major was induced to show himself to the youngsters, and upon his appearance at the door of the hotel a deafening cheer arose from the boys, and also from a large number of persons assembled in the vicinity of the hotel.

If a justification of Major Anderson's conduct were needed, it will be found in his simple, clear, straightforward dispatch to the Government, which we give below.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S DESPATCH TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

STEAMSHIP *BALTIC*, OFF SANDY HOOK, }
April 18, 1861. }

The Hon. S. CAMERON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.

SIR—Having defended Fort Sumpter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th inst., prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th inst., with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

ROBERT ANDERSON, Major, First Artillery.

The State of the Nation.

As sorrowful historians of what is passing around us, we briefly glance at the present aspect of affairs. Comments upon so great

a calamity are useless, and almost impertinent, and we therefore confine ourselves to the facts.

While the North seems determined to support the Unity of the Republic, the South are equally earnest in their determination to protect what they consider their State Rights, and until a calmer spirit prevails in both parties we fear it is hopeless to expect a satisfactory settlement of the question now at issue.

At Montgomery, the Governmental seat of the Confederate States, great activity prevails to put themselves into an imposing attitude. The Southern journals proclaim that their entire loan of fifteen millions has been taken; and in reply to President Lincoln's demand for seventy-five thousand troops, Jefferson Davis had issued a requisition for double that number. He has also published a Proclamation authorizing Privateering, a step which is calculated to bring him in collision with both France and England.

In New Orleans the same excitement reigns, and it is currently reported that several privateers are being got ready. Into New Orleans the *Star of the West* has been taken as a prize—having been captured by the Secessionists. She had on board a quantity of provisions belonging to the Federal Government.

Charleston remains in the same excited state, and has above ten thousand men in arms all ready for action. General Beauregard has gone to Pensacola, so it is reported, to take command of the Southern army, which, it is said, was about to attempt the reduction of Fort Pickens. The telegraphic wires being under the control of the South, there have been no communications for some days.

The latest events in this great movement of the age are the secession of Virginia and the equivocal attitude of Maryland, a State hitherto supposed to be strong for the Union. The recent attack upon the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, and the destruction of the bridges, by which railroad communication with the North is suspended, undoubtedly implies that the Union men have lost the control of the State. The Federal Government has taken possession of the Baltimore Railroad, and Secretary Cameron has threatened to bombard Baltimore if the bridges were not restored.

In Washington the greatest suspense exists, for its contiguity to Virginia renders it liable at any time to an attack from the Secessionists. General Scott has now concentrated around the capital nearly ten thousand reliable men, and before a week has elapsed three times that number will be gathered there.

Pennsylvania has taken up the war spirit with great alacrity, and Philadelphia, like New York, more resembles a camp than a commercial city. Everywhere is heard the tramp of armed men.

Of New York it is useless to speak, since a full account of its feeling will be found in another column. It is supposed that at the present minute there are sixty thousand men in arms preparing to defend the Union.

The Northern States of Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut are equally alert, all animated by the one great feeling of attachment to the Union.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE NORTH.

CONNECTICUT, NORWICH, April 18, 1861.—Gov. Buckingham has issued a proclamation calling one more regiment. \$14,000 were subscribed to-day for the families of volunteer companies.

MAINE, PORTLAND, April 18, 1861.—Our city banks to-day voted a loan of \$250,000 to the State for war purposes.

PENNSYLVANIA, PITTSBURGH, April 18, 1861.—An intense war feeling prevails here. Business is almost entirely suspended. Immense crowds fill the prominent streets and the Union flag is flying everywhere. The volunteer companies are all filled and they are departing eastward. Liberal subscriptions are being made for the comfort of the volunteers and the support of their families. Recruiting is still going on, although there is more than enough for the regiments of the State and Federal requirements. The Committee of Public Safety held a meeting to-day and organized.

ILLINOIS, CHICAGO, April 18, 1861.—The banks of this city to-day tendered Gov. Yates \$500,000, asked for as a loan for extraordinary expenses. The war feeling grows more intense. Up to this morning 2,000 men had signed the muster roll. This is double the number that will be allotted to this city. The Zouave Regiment is nearly full. A movement is on foot to uniform them and equip them by private subscription. A wealthy citizen leads the list with \$1,000. \$60,000 were subscribed for the support of volunteers until taken charge of by the State.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., April 18, 1861.—Tenders of companies are pouring into the Adjutant-General's office. Bonds are put down as received who are not reported as full. Forty-nine companies have already been accepted. Tenders have been made for many more. All the railroad lines in the State have volunteered to carry the accepted companies to the place of rendezvous free of charge.

OHIO, CLEVELAND, April 18, 1861.—Ten thousand people turned out to-day as an escort to the Cleveland Grays, who have left for the rendezvous at Columbus. The enthusiasm is intense.

WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE, April 18, 1861.—There is a strong competition among the moneyed men for the \$200,000 loan asked by the State. The *Waukegan Bank*, a Democratic institution, offers to take the whole amount at par.

NEW JERSEY, TRENTON, April 18, 1861.—The Trenton Bank and the Mechanics' Bank have each tendered to Gov. Olden the loan of \$25,000 to aid in raising the four regiments of soldiers for the war. The Directors of the Mechanics' Bank each subscribed \$100 to aid the families of those who volunteer in this city.

HONOLULU, Mr. Edward A. Stevens has offered to continue the salaries of all persons in his employ who shall on 1st to serve the country. PATRIOTIC OFFER FROM NEW JERSEY.—Mr. James Warren, proprietor of the Strawberry Farms, a summer resort, five miles from the Shrewsbury Depot, New Jersey, offers the gratuitous use of one-third of all his buildings for the use of the families of those who shall hereafter volunteer, and are called away in the service of their country.

MASSACHUSETTS, NEW BEDFORD, April 18, 1861.—The City Council to-night appropriated \$5,000 for the benefit of the families of the New Bedford City Guard, attached to the Third Regiment, which left in the S. R. Spaulding. The Council also appropriated \$10,000 for the organization of a coast guard for the defence of the city.

BOSTON, April 18, 1861.—Mr. William Gray has just given the Government \$10,000 to aid the families of the soldiers. The Merrimack River Bank of Manchester, N.H., offers the State \$40,000 for military purposes, and the Portsmouth Bank \$30,000. Enlisting is going on rapidly in the Granite State. A meeting of the bank officers, representing all the Boston banks, was held here this morning, when a resolution was adopted to loan the State of Massachusetts ten per cent. on their cut or capital for the defence of the Government. The capital of the Boston banks amounts to \$35,500,000.

BOSTON, April 19.—The stars and stripes to-day were thrown to the breeze from the top of Bunker Hill Monument.

VERMONT, ST. JOHNSBURY, April 19.—Governor Fairbanks has been tendered a loan of \$50,000 by some of our Banks, for military purposes.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, April 18, 1861.—At a large and enthusiastic meeting held here over eighty volunteers were enrolled. The list will be enlarged.

TROT, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this evening appropriated \$10,000 for the support and relief of the families of the soldiers who volunteer to go to Washington. A large meeting of citizens was also held, and a similar sum was pledged to be raised by subscription.

ROCHESTER, April 18, 1861.—The Common Council this afternoon appropriated \$125,000 for the support of the families of the volunteers and \$5,000 to the Mayor for secret service.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE WESTERN TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.—The following despatch was received in this city. It explains itself:

"Everett Clap, Cashier, No. 1 Counties Ship, New York: Give \$500 to assist in the rapid movement of troops from your city in aid of the United States Government. We have given \$500 here, besides tendering free passages to Michigan regiments of volunteers from Detroit to Buffalo. When the future calls, as it will, we will respond again."

"JOHN ALLEN, JR.,
President of the Western Transportation Company."

"BUFFALO, April 19, 1861."

WAR EXCITEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE GERMANS READY FOR THE FIGHT.—Mr. Lichtenhels, who is actively engaged in collecting a corps of expert artificers (naturalized citizens of German birth), informs us that there are two German regiments all ready, waiting for arms, and ready to move.

PATRIOTISM AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—Collector Barney has granted leave of absence (which continues their salaries) to several Custom House clerks who belong to the regiments which left the city last Sunday.

A REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.—Numerous gentlemen of this city are desirous of forming a regiment of cavalry, and are only waiting for some one capable of taking the lead in such a movement to come forward. They are ready to furnish their own horses, and supply horses for those who wish to enlist, but are unable to furnish themselves. One gentleman at the New York Hotel last night offered to give ten horses for such a regiment. Persons wishing to consult with reference to this subject can call upon Mr. G. W. Richardson, of the firm of Wood & Richardson, 21 Maiden Lane.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—The subscription at the Chamber of Commerce, last Saturday afternoon, for the benefit of the city regiments called into service, amounted to \$22,468. The largest subscription was \$3,000, and the smallest \$100.

PATRIOTIC ACTION OF THE BROADWAY BANK.—The directors of the Broadway Bank met last Saturday morning, and unanimously voted to tender to the government of this State \$250,000 for military purposes.

THE CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK.—Measures are being taken by the Californians now in this city to call a meeting for the purpose of organizing a cavalry company of one hundred men. Each man to equip himself throughout. They will tender their services to General Scott at once. Due notice will be given through the papers.

APPEAL TO THE FORS OF NEW ENGLAND.—The following call has been issued: "Sons of New England! Remember April 19, 1775, and April 19, 1861. Those wishing to join a company composed of New Englanders to be attached to one of the New York regiments, can sign the roll at the office of the New York Evening Post and at the law office of Henry D. Tyler, 7 Wall Street.

PATRIOTIC CHURCHMAN AND A PATRIOTIC WIFE.—Rev. T. W. Conway, a Baptist clergyman of this city, having been asked by a prominent military man whether he would accompany a regiment of volunteers as chaplain, replied that "he was ready as a soldier of the Cross to perform the functions of his vocation with any company who desired them, and that no service would be more cheerfully rendered than that which would tend to promote the righteous cause in which our Government is now engaged." When it was reported to his wife that there was a probability of his accompanying the Seventy-ninth Regiment Scotch Highlanders, she remarked, "If he is needed and would not go, I would not own him."

THOOPS FREE ON HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—The President of the Hudson River Railroad Company informed Simon Draper, who at once communicated the fact to Governor Morgan, that his company were ready to convey troops from Albany or Troy to this city free of all charge. The country will appreciate this act of patriotism.

THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.—The City of Brooklyn has appropriated \$75,000 for the families of her volunteers. The city of New York has appropriated \$75,000 for the same purpose; but that amount is a mere nucleus of a sum which from private resources alone very soon exceed a million.

A FRENCH COMPANY—GARDE MURAT.—The following call has been issued by M. Le Gendre:

"Aux armes, citoyens!
Par la voix du canon d'honneur,
L'Union appelle ses enfants!"

Authorisé par le gouvernement, le sousigné forme en ce moment une compagnie qui doit porter le nom de "Garde Murat," et faire partie d'un régiment de cavalerie, qui va bientôt se mettre en campagne. Il s'adresse aux Français de New York, à ceux surtout qui ont combattu sous le glorieux drapeau tricolore. Venez, braves soldats! Et vous, hommes de résolution, vous tous qui aimez votre patrie adoptive aussi bien que la mère patrie, venez vous enroller! Venez maintenir l'Union Américaine et prouver que la valeur Française ne s'amoindrit pas dans ces climats!

P. NACCHINI LE GENDRE,
Fifth Ward Hotel, West Broadway, au coin de Franklin.

THE WAR FEELING IN THE SOUTH.

The secession of Virginia has added fuel to the fire, and the enthusiasm of the South is all ablaze. The excitement is wild. Railway trains are loaded with soldiers, arms and ammunition. Northerners are hastening home. The belief seems very general that Colonel Ben McCulloch is even now on his way to surprise and capture Washington. There is also a strong belief that there is a powerful disunion party in the North, which will by its action paralyze all the aggressive operations of the Federal Government.

The harbor of Mobile is being put into a state of thorough defence and made ready for any emergency.

In force at Pensacola under General Bragg is assuming a strong and threatening appearance, and additional volunteers are pouring in every day to swell the number. The struggle at Pensacola, when it once begins, will be long and bloody. Fort Pickens, it is said, has been reinforced, and has now eight hundred men within its walls and plenty of provisions. Several vessels of war are also in the harbor ready to send assistance to the defence. The troops under General Bragg are full of enthusiasm, and are eager to be led on to the attack.

It is confidently expected that North Carolina will immediately secede from the Union. Sixteen hundred men under from Charleston for Fort Moultrie have reached Wilmington. Troops are pouring into that and other forts; the military spirit predominates over every other sentiment. Not only vast supplies of men are springing up everywhere, but the snows of war—money, is flowing in freely. It is stated that at Montgomery, Alabama, the demand for the loan of the Confederate States was no great feat; that the result of the vote has determined to offer the whole \$15,000,000. The amount subscribed already exceeds \$15,000,000. The books were closed, and the smaller sums have preference over the larger ones.

In Augusta, Georgia, a Rhode Islander, and an old citizen of that place, issued an order to uniform and equip, at his own expense, a company of eighty volunteers for the war. The company has been organized and will be ready to march in ten days.

On Wednesday, 17th inst., shortly before the steamer Yorktown was to have sailed for New York, Governor Leitch ordered Company F, Captain Cary, of the First Regiment of Volunteers, to take possession of that vessel, for the purpose of taking troops down to Norfolk. About four P.M. a trumpet went down Main street calling the citizens to arms, and shortly afterward men, with muskets and whatever other equipments they could get hold of, were rushing down town toward Roanoke, the lower part of the city. An hour afterward nearly all returned, a squad of men having been placed on guard to detain the steamer. She was to have sailed on Thursday morning with troops for Norfolk.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

Three regiments left the city of New York on Sunday, the 21st, for Washington: the 8th, 9th and 10th. These regiments are the Seventy-first, Col. Voeburg; 8th, regiment, Col. J. C. Pinckney, and the Twelfth regiment, Col. Daniel Butterfield. On the 20th, the Eighth regiment, Col. George Lyons, will leave New York; also, the Sixty-ninth regiment, Col. Corcoran. On Wednesday, the 24th, the Ninth regiment will depart from our city, making in all, nearly five thousand men.

Fire Department Zouaves.

A requisition, signed by the Chief of the Fire Department of New York, John Decker, calling for volunteers to form a Fire Zouave Regiment, to be commanded by Col. H. Worth, brought out within two days twelve hundred recruits, and so great an enthusiasm is expressed, that the formation of a second Fire Zouave Regiment will be immediately proceeded with. The first regiment of these gallant fellows is now drilling in Fort Hamilton, awaiting the orders of the Government.

Wilson Zouaves.

Col. Wilson has raised, within a few days, a regiment numbering about two thousand men, of that class denominated the "Roughs"—men fit for any military emergency.

The Naval Brigade.

This Brigade will be under the command of Lieut. Bartlett. Four hundred men enrolled themselves in less than two days, and it is expected the entire regiment will be completed by the 28th.

Foreign Residents.

We hear in all directions of companies being organized by this class of our citizens, consisting of English, Irish, French, Germans, &c. As very many of these men have earned considerable distinction in the recent European wars, it is expected they will be ready at a very early period.

Lightning Zouaves.

This regiment, under the command of Col. Hawkins—who distinguished himself in Mexico—now numbers nearly five hundred men. They hold nightly drills at their armory, corner of Fifth and Thompson streets, and are composed of young men, and all the field officers have seen active service in Mexico. The Lightning Zouaves have the distinguished honor of escorting the gallant Seventh on their way to Washington. Their soldierly appearance, activity and precision called forth the unanimous approbation of the military men present.

The Seventy-first Regiment are to be quartered in splendid barracks at Washington—the Capitol itself. The old House of Representatives is to be fitted up expressly for their accommodation.

PERSONAL.

EDWARD EVERETT has come out in favor of the Union.

The juries in Cincinnati seem to be very severe in their verdicts upon violent ladies. Mrs. Mary Ann Lovett was lately fined \$10,000 for throwing vitriol upon a lady's dress and person. It was proved that the violator went upon the lady's face, and considerably damaged her beauty.

JUDGE NAAR, of the *True American*, a Trenton paper, was called upon by a lively gathering of people, who demanded that he should host the Stars and Stripes. The Judge came forward, and made a humorous speech that the mob dispersed, forgetting what they came about. Since Orpheus led the trees to a dance there has been nothing like it.

LIEUTENANT HENRY, of the Ninth Regiment, resigned his commission on the ground that, being a South Carolinian, he would not fight against his native State.

The papers—that is to say, the greenest of them—are very severe upon a young man who writes verses under the nom de plume of Owen McEdith. He is a son of Bulwer, the novel list. The great crime charged against him is that, instead of being Owen Meredith, he is really George Sand, for his "Lucille" is stolen verbatim of *Madame de Mervin* (without the tag of rhyme) from Macan's *Duval's* "Lavinia," a novel published some twenty years ago.

CHARLES DICKENS, alias "Boz," has got into another squabble with an old friend. It appears when he was in difficulties he gave a bond to a merchant for \$500, to be paid out of his "American Notes." The interest has never been paid, and the principal has never been applied for; but the death of the elder brother, who lent the money, threw the note into the executor's hands, and the executor of Cherry Brothers says he paid the note twelve years ago. The case will come before a legal tribunal, and it is more than probable that Mrs. Dickens will be subpoenaed to prove that five years ago her husband, now separated from her, acknowledged to her that the note had not been paid. We understand that by a recent law a wife's testimony can be received against her husband. If so, it is an error, and an attack upon that romantic fiction that "the twin are one flesh." How would the conflicting evidence of Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, be received?

The Prince Imperial walked into the Emperor's study one fine morning, attended in his corporal's dress. As the rule is sacred that the boy should only obtain admission on great and state occasions, the Emperor, somewhat startled, raised his head from his desk and said, not sharply—or in his private habits he appears to be the most gentle of men—but in a surprised tone, "Well, Corporal, and what do you want in such a hurry?" "A regiment," answered the urchin, without the smallest hesitation. "A regiment? halo! and what for?" returned his Majesty, blithely amused. "To go and fight for my godfather, the Pope, to be sure." The Emperor was annoyed, and what is more, showed his annoyance. He turned to the Aide-de-Camp angrily: "What folly is this? who taught the child this absurd demand?" The Aide-de-Camp hesitatingly denied any participation in the guilt, but confessed to that of the Emperor, who had been preparing the scene for many days past.

On Major Anderson's arrival at the Brevoort House, he was met at the door by Mr. Clark, the proprietor. While he was shaking hands with a few gentlemen in the hall, his daughter Abby, a beautiful girl of fifteen, ran down the staircase. Seeing her, Major Anderson ran forward, met her midway upon the fight, and in a moment the older's daughter was clasped in her father's arms. He then ascended to the apartments of Mrs. Anderson, where a most affecting scene of reunion occurred.

MR. DAWSON takes possession of the Albany Post Office on Thursday. Mr. Williams, formerly of the *Albany Herald*, takes the editorial chair of the *Evening Journal*, lately held by Mr. E. W. Seward. Mr. Weed will, as heretofore, have his eye and heart on the *Journal*.

GENERAL SWIFT, who was lately appointed Postmaster for Geneva, by the President, has declined it on account of his years and infirmities.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, who was lately appointed Minister to Russia, has postponed his departure for the present, in order to command a volunteer regiment in Washington, for the protection of the public. Among the privates in this regiment are General Nye, Senator Wilcox, Robert Ward, Silas B. Putcher, Hon. M. Ferry and Woodruff of Connecticut, and other influential citizens.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

National Academy of Design.

No. 108, "Ladies at Piano," A. LAWRIE. We can have but little respect for the judgment of a Committee who would accept such a picture for the purpose of exhibiting it. It lacks every element of a good picture. Neither in coloring, drawing nor sentiment is it fit to be hung on the walls of the Academy. The figures are affected and unnatural, and they are just fitted to play upon a piano which cannot exceed in compass two octaves and a half. It is really poor trash, and so we pass it by.

No. 21, "Sketches from Life," ARTHUR LUMLEY. Sketches dashed in with a free hand, well drawn, spirited and full of character. Mr. Lumley gives evidence of decided ability.

No. 22, "Scene from Midsummer Night's Dream," ALFRED FREDERICKS. This young artist has evidently taken Gilbert for his model. He has studied him lovingly, and has acquired his manner so closely as to lay him open in some degree to a charge of imitation. The same quaintness of treatment, the same breadth of character and humor can be traced in this picture, but it is by no means a servile imitation. The scene is where the elfish spirit Puck plays his pranks upon the clownish players. He is deluding them through bog and brake by the light of the Will-o'-the-Wisp, which gleams from an inverted lily in his hands. This effect is achieved with great success. The figure of Puck is wildly elfish in its character, and is sketched with infinite spirit. The other figures are all broadly humorous and quaintly conceived. The artist has caught the Shakespearean spirit of the scene, displaying a vivid imagination, and for a water color drawing it is not only singularly striking, but its strength of effect is quite remarkable.

No. 123, "Sunset in the English Channel," M. F. H. DE HAAS. This picture is particularly admirable for the tone which pervades it. The sunset is strong in color, but without warmth, a characteristic which will be recognized as peculiar to the climate of England. The ships are carefully and boldly drawn, and the cold glare upon the waves is skillfully managed. The water, finely painted, is full of motion, and there is life and action in the scene, which is a rare merit. It is one of the few good marines in this year's exhibition.

No. 147, "The Farmyard," W. HEPBURN. The noticeable points in this picture are its poor coloring, and towns which might be anything else but for their mere form, and a very brazen milkmaid leaning in most familiar manner against an exceedingly dissipated-looking cow.

No. 154, "Noonday Fog," JAMES A. FUYDAM. A well conceived and well executed effect. The fog is visibly creeping over and obscuring the features of the landscape. Its gradations from the slightest film to the completest obscuration are managed with marked ability.

No. 418, "Breaking Away," JOHN A. HOWA. In this picture we have a new phase of Mr. Howa's really fine talent. We find in all he does a high-toned feeling for art, a sentiment which springs from an ardent love for and an earnest study of Nature in her solitudes, and an imagination which is at once graceful, fanciful and plotless. In his landscapes, even when devoid of the presence of animal life, there is an indescribable sentiment, as though some loving eye was gazing on and drinking their rich, voluptuous beauty—as though such exquisite harmony of form and color could not exist without the presence of human love and sympathy.

The title of the picture, "Breaking Away," indicates its principal effect. A fog has shrouded the water, but the rays of the rising sun are gradually dissipating its strength, and it is breaking away in the east and slowly lifting from the surface of the water, revealing the distant headland. This portion of the picture is handled with the touch of a master. The casual observer might pass it by because it is devoid of marked contrasts, but the critical observer will recognize and appreciate its admirable fidelity to nature. The life in the picture is represented by a duck on the wing, which is so admirably drawn, especially in the foreshortening of the rear wing and palated that one might well suppose Mr. Howa had made aquatic birds his special study. A second duck floating quietly on the water in the midst of the lily pads is equally well painted. The huge tree stump in the foreground is foreground is certainly unsightly however true it may be in nature. As a whole, however, it is one of the few remarkable pictures in the exhibition, and will justly add to the growing reputation of Mr. John A. Howa.

A Sybarite Philosopher.

Taking the world easy is generally popular with those who have nothing to do and find it too much trouble to do even that, and to whose rest was disturbed by a cramped roseleaf on his couch is, to this day, the type of a class who prefer their *dolce far niente* (not Page's), to the great business of life. They are fortunate if they can

attain it and be content, but the if bears a strong significance, and we doubt if our correspondent, who advocates it in verse, can give a satisfactory reply to that ominous if:

"Sursum Corda."

How quick the human heart is!
How quick our smiles and tears!
But the gods, so high and heavy,
Scarcely wink in a thousand years.

How fly the wheels of business!
The axes hiss and buzz;
But the earth is scarcely moving—
She takes all day to tarry.

Fear not the gods, O soul!
The end of the world is pleasure;
Go—like a planet—run thyself
In green, immortal leisure.

REVEREND BISHOP.

The late Dr. Francis.

"Speak well of the dead," is an old and honored maxim, but in the case of the good and great man who has but recently passed away from us no such maxim was necessary as a warning to the thoughtless. He was universally beloved, and his name was a praise upon every tongue.

Dr. Augustus K. Gardner, himself an eminent and highly respected physician, very recently delivered an eulogy upon Dr. Francis before the New York Medical-Chirurgical College, which is as creditable to his heart as to his literary reputation. It should be widely circulated, for the more the world knows of its good and great men, the better it will be for its onward progress. We should like to quote the whole of the eulogy, but must content ourselves with one eloquent extract from his introductory remarks. Dr. Gardner said: "The speaker of to-day for years gazed from afar upon the rugged lineaments of this hoar apostle of medicine; later was warmed into new life by the radiant sun—the ever playing around his genial front, daily feeling ever-renewed evidences of that interior warmth which melted the thin outworn ice-crusts, producing beauty, and life, and joy in his path. He has seen the interior man, noted the inexhaustible stores of native and acquired intellectual wealth, the kind heart, the generous hand. He must fall in attempting to portray them. If he can but catch the faint already vanished picture of one side of this huge polygonal, and dangerous to pass it for your observation, he will be content; leaving to those of more extended grasp to seize the whole man, and instead of the simple picture which is now to be presented to you, shall carve out a colossal statue, wanting but the Promethean spark, to be the very form and figure of him whose like we shall never look upon again."

A Child's Prayer.

Hunting among our old papers we came across the following charming poem by one who is known to be a true poet, a kind and chivalrous gentleman, and a facile and elegant writer. His imagination is delicate and fervent, and his imagery glowing and appropriate. Listen to

The Child's Prayer.

Watch me when the morning moon
Smiles above the mountain peak,
And along the vale unroll'd
Lies the misty sea of gold;
While on every leaf appears
Silver drops of angel tears.

Watch me when the sun is high
In the blue and boundless sky;
While the whispering winds that pass
Roll the emerald waves of grass;
And the billow on the lakes
In a thousand sparkling breaks.

Watch me when within the West
Daylight's star has sunk to rest,
And the crimson cloud doth leave
Roses on the wings of Eve,
While the restless gossamer
Ceases in its sleep to stir.

Watch me when the moon at night
Comes with all her children bright,
And with solemn march doth stray
Slowly down the Milky Way;
When all is gloom and silence deep,
Be Thou near to guard my sleep.

WILLIAM W. FORDICE.

Testimonial to Madame Anna Bishop.

The proposed testimonial to this charming and talented artist took place at the Academy of Music on Friday evening. The date was unfortunate, as the Seventy-ninth Regiment departed the same afternoon, and the combined excitement of war and politics seemed to exclude all idea of amusement. There was quite a large number of people present, and we observed many of our wealthiest families present. We understand that a great many tickets were disposed of—some hundreds more than came in—so we trust that the pecuniary success came up to the wishes and intention of her friends. Madame Bishop appeared in the scene from "Tancredi," as Arline in the "Bohemian Girl," and in Wallace's fine patriotic song, "The Flag of Our Union," which was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

New York Philharmonic Society.

The last concert of the season was given at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, the 20th inst. The chief features were a Symphony, by Mozart, which was finely played and was delightful to hear, and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night." The soloists were Miss Brainerd, vocalist, and Mr. Saar, pianist. Mr. Elfeld conducted the concert with his usual skill and judgment. The audience was very large and very fashionable, and judging by the general attendance, the season must have proved a pecuniary success.

DRAMA.

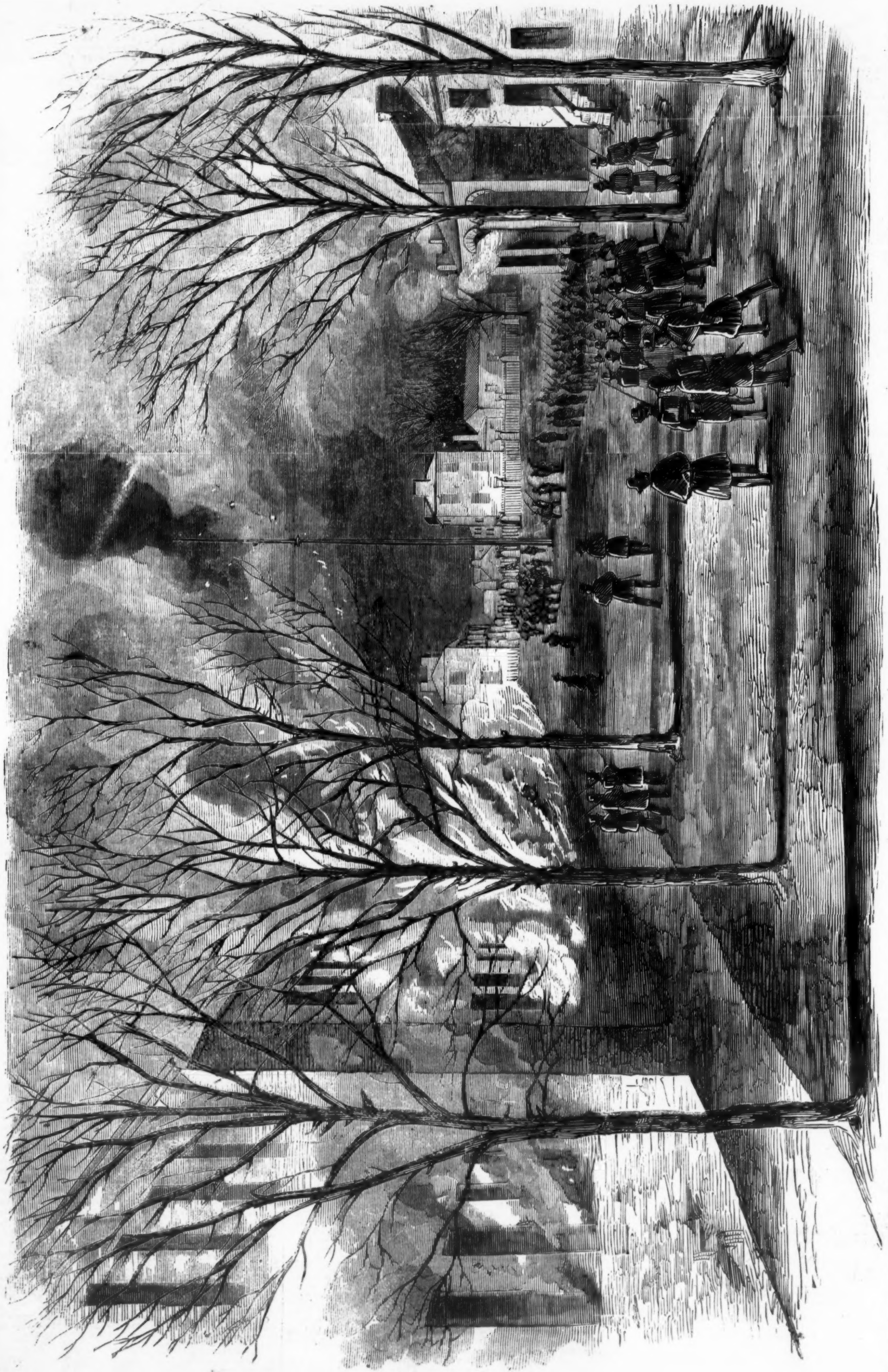
The war excitement has had the effect of very materially decreasing the attendance at the various theatres. Add to this the distressing weather since the beginning of the week, and it will be seen that managers have not had a great deal of "aid and comfort" from the public during the past few evenings.

We are happy to be able to announce Mr. Forrest's complete recovery from his indisposition, and consequent reappearance at Niblo's in his great rôle of "Virgilius," on Monday evening last, to a well filled house; and on Wednesday an immense audience, in spite of outside excitements, gathered to witness his impersonation of "Metamora," a part he had not previously acted for seven years. It is, perhaps, needless to add that his performance of the latter Chief is now, as ever, perfect. The tragedy of "Metamora" is about as atrociously bad as anything in the shape of a play can well be; but Mr. Forrest's impersonation of the hero shines out from the dreary chaos brightly and gloriously.

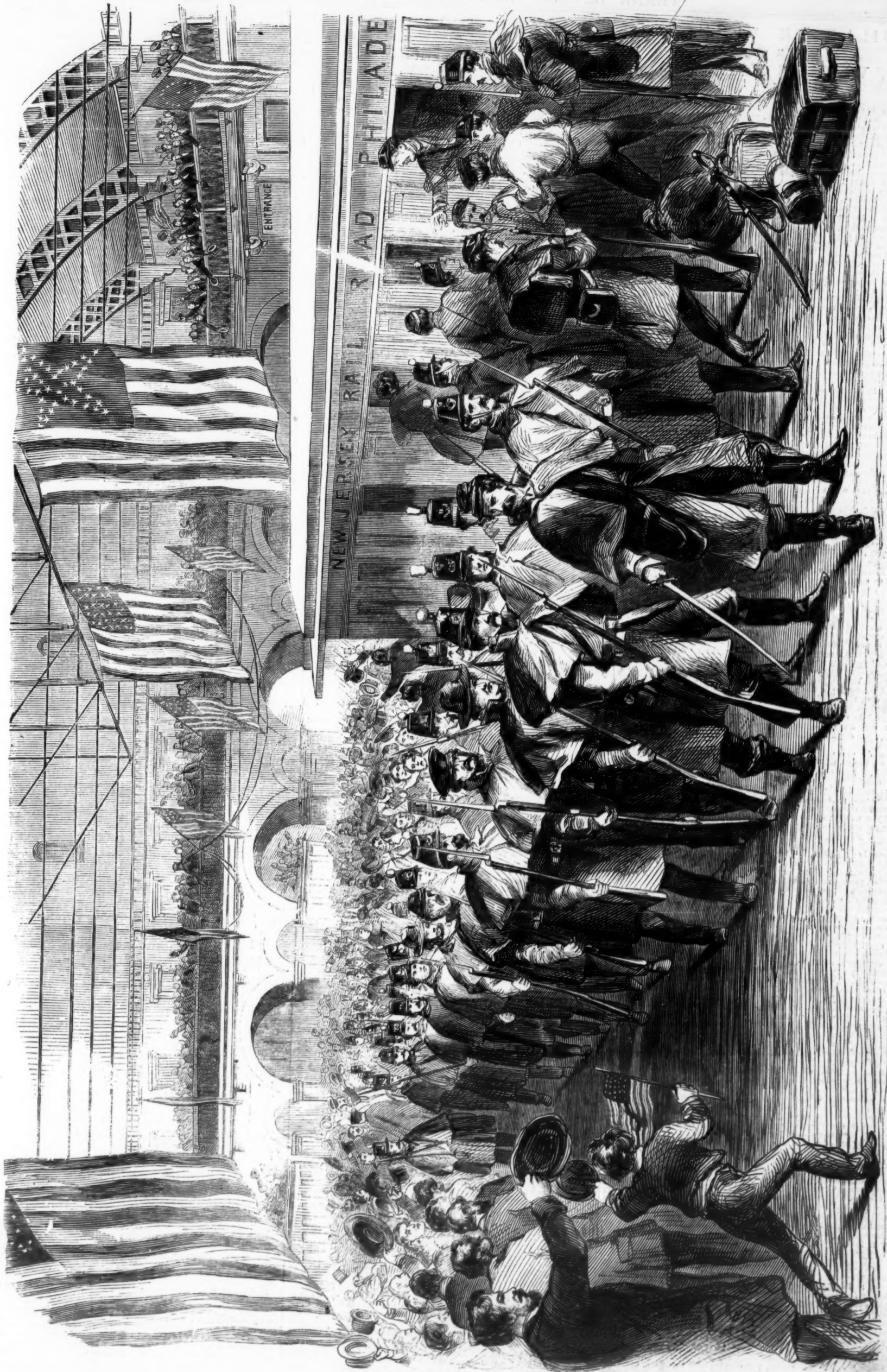
At the WINTER GARDEN Mr. Edwin Booth has returned to the boards, and attracts large audiences—his admirers growing, if possible, more enthusiastic than ever in his praise. He has acted during the week Shylock, Othello and Hamlet, with marked success.

"Henriette" is still played at WALLACK'S, and the "Seven Sisters" is a matter of course at LAURA KEEKE'S.

On Friday afternoon, the 29th, the members of Engine Company No. 23 removed their machine to Fulton street, in order to lay horse to the Seventy-ninth Regiment as it passed down Broadway. An ex-member, named James Meredith, stood on one of the springs, and cried out, as the regiment passed, "Under the flag I've lived and expect to die," when he fell to the ground as the wheels passed over his head. He was removed to the Hospital, where he soon afterward died. Deceased was highly respected by all his comrades.



EVACUATION AND BURNING OF THE U. S. ARSENAL AND SHOPS AT HARPER'S FERRY, ON THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH OF APRIL, BY LIEUTENANT JONES, AND HIS COMMAND, BY ORDER OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—
APPROACH OF THE VIRGINIAN FORCES—See Page 375.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS LEAVING JERSEY CITY R. R. DEPOT, TO DEFEND THE CAPITOL, AT WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 18TH, 1861.—See Page 375.

LUCILLE DE VERNET, A TALE OF WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER VI.

When Emile came into the room she walked tiptoe round the bed, but Lucille, feeling disinclined to talk, pretended to be asleep, and Emile, after leaning over her with the wish to disturb her but without effect, was soon addressed and by her side. After lying restless some time, she slid her arm under the head of her companion.

"Lucille," she said, gently, "do you really sleep, or are you quiet to deceive me?"

"Not asleep, Emile," she replied; "but I cannot talk. Leave me to my thoughts."

"Are they so pleasing, then?" said Emile. "Say if they are of Jules, of my brother. Ah, your eyelashes are wet with tears!" and she turned her face towards herself. "Jules has told me all, Lucille; he is unhappy as yourself; and why should this be? After all, there was nothing base and dishonorable in his proposal; and I, as your friend, as your sister, have come with a heart brim full of affection and best wishes for your happiness, to add my entreaties to his that you will listen to his ardent love. Nay, do not turn from me, for you must hear what I will tell you. After all, dear Lucille, a private marriage is not such a very formidable affair. It is a thousand times better than sacrificing the happiness of two loving hearts; for if my mother's consent is waited for, then will you never be united to Jules; for, like most persons of weak mind, she is obdurate where there is a loophole to creep out at; but when things are irremediably settled, she submits with the best grace in the world, and is kind and often generous; and she has her best regards so exclusively fixed on Jules that her forgiveness will easily be obtained."

"If her forgiveness would be so readily gained, why not try for consent?" said Lucille. "My father will never stand at the altar and give me to the son against the mother's wish."

"Your father, dearest," said Emile; "you do not fear his anger, I am sure. He is so kind and lenient, so sensible and just, that—"

"That is why I can not deceive him," interrupted Lucille. "He would forgive me, I know, for the act, but I could not forgive myself. Emile, your reasoning is bad. Leave me, I entreat, to my own reflections."

Turning abruptly away, Lucille remained quiet to all Emile's eloquence; though much she spoke of and reciprocal sentiments in her own reasoning, and though she said, with a quiver of tears, which almost defied the assertion, "I am firm in my resolution not to receive my father, and shall rejoice, oh, how heartily, when D'Almaire and Emile depart, that I may be myself again." But there was a chill at her heart, a trembling through her frame, as a presentiment reared on her mind that happiness would not so easily be regained that a light was upon it, that would cause the blessings she had hitherto delighted in to wither in the sunlight of her youth. Yes, Lucille at once had launched upon the world; she already tasted its bitterness; for the first time she wished to think unmolested to dive into the depth of her own heart, that she might look into others. The charm of childhood had vanished—she was a woman depending on her own responsibilities, with thoughts and hopes she felt too sacred to trust to any but her own keeping.

The next morning Lucille met D'Almaire with an effort at coldness; but his silence, and the troubled expression of his countenance when their eyes met, which by some accident was often turned before the meal was ended to listen to the children's noise, and to subdue greatly the troubled look of the other; but for several days she studiously avoided being alone with him.

This restraint on her words and actions was ended by the announcement of D'Almaire that the Chamberlain having met, he should be expected in a few days to be seen there, the intended state of France calling every member to his seat, which would necessitate him being an early time to leave them. Though his speech was directed to De Vernet, he cast a furtive glance at Lucille. She was pale, and the work she was engaged on fell listlessly to the floor; satisfied with the emotion evidently caused by his statement, he drew near her.

"Lucille," he said, "you will not let me depart as you would a stranger with a careless adieu, and I hope soon to meet again. You will, after our happy friendship, devote one short leisure hour to me."

"When do you go?" she asked, without looking at him, though she felt his breath floating over her hair.

"I think, if Emile is in readiness, to be on the road to Paris by sunrise to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" she responded, with a start, and in a voice evidently intended to be cold, but which was slightly quivering; "you are precipitate in your movements, monsieur."

"Can you wonder at it when you are so charged, when you take every opportunity to avoid me, and for three days have only returned cold monosyllables to the ardent words I have addressed to you?"

"I have been guided by my feelings," she replied. "I was insulted by your proposal. You wished me to forget my duty as a daughter, and my delicacy as a woman."

"Lucille, you do not know the strength of my love for you, or you would pardon and accede to those wishes, which alone can insure our happiness. Do not turn from me. If you refuse my love, it is not too much to ask for your friendship—to know I possess that, slight as the return is. To my own sentiments it will be a consolation to me in our everlasting separation."

"Everlasting!" she cried, faintly, her cheeks and lips paling. "Why everlasting? As friends we can meet, as friends respect and regard each other. It is the pain we should not have stepped over, with the impediments to our union before us."

"Friendship is your warmest sentiment, Lucille, or you could not talk so coldly. You reason. When did love ever reason? When did it itself under the cloak of duty and affection? Never!"

"You asked for my friendship, monsieur; let it satisfy you; it is as much, under present circumstances, as we should desire. You ask me coldly to leave me with that idea, and so coldly your own heart by it to think yourself the only sufferer. It will reduce your high-sounding feeling to a level with mine, will bring you to the reason you condemn me, and will force you to forgetfulness of the few weeks passed in the seclusion of our vine-crowned valley with Lucille de Vernet."

She could no longer conceal her feelings, but burst into passionate tears. Her assumed coldness had vanished, and rushing into the garden she threw herself on a seat in the most retired part, and sobbed with all the vehemence of a young and troubled heart.

D'Almaire followed with the step of a conqueror, subdued by the tenderer feelings of a lover. He slackened his quick footsteps a few paces from her, regarding her with mingled sensations. Her youth, her beauty, and her duty to her father told him to quit her; he played her into new troubles; but his love triumphed over these better feelings, and drawing towards her before she was aware of his presence, he slid his arm round her waist. She would have burst from the bond that held her had he permitted it; but the time, the opportunity, her softened feelings, were too promising to allow them not to take advantage of their value.

He pleaded eloquently, and his arguments overpowered the good sense which had hitherto overruled them. Two hours after they returned to the house; she leant on his arm, pale and with tearful eyes still on her eyelashes, while his step was firm, and there was an openness and joyousness in his manner which told of the triumphant hopes of love.

CHAPTER VII.

"Lucille, come, do you never intend awaking this bright sunny morning? Do rise from your couch, lagging, if only to listen to the trilling of the lark, and see the bright globules sparkling on the purple grapes!" exclaimed Emile, springing from the bed, and leaning over Lucille with an agitated countenance, although she had forced a smile on it.

Lucille moved not, neither did she speak; her face was hidden in the pillow, and by the slight convulsion of her frame it was evident she was indulging in tears, that were wavering her in her promise of the preceding evening.

"Come," continued Emile, pleadingly, and throwing open the window while speaking. "Come, Lucille, do not sully this bright, auspicious morning by this ill-timed shower of tears. And see, Jules is galloping over the hills. He has already returned from Versailles, and has arranged all with the Abbé Brennon."

At this announcement, Lucille started up in bed. "Be seen!"

she cried in terror. "Emile, assist me, I have changed—tell your brother so. I will not see the abbé."

"Oh, but you must," said Emile. "All is settled. Be not a child to let trifles scare you from a good and just purpose. Arise, and let the morning breeze chase away those ill-timed tears, and the bright sun warm that chilled little heart of yours."

As Emile spoke, the bright sun disappeared behind a lurking cloud, and gave the room, that had been lighted up by its beams, a cold, cheerless aspect. Lucille looked around and shuddered.

"Where is the brightness now?" she said. "Gone, to warn me of my fate! Emile, do not speak plainly that Heaven approves not of this marriage, silent and secret?"

"This is weakness unworthy of a child, Lucille. When did Heaven ever disapprove of a virtuous union? Leave your bed and be yourself; there never was a bride yet that rose on her bridal morn wholly uncontaminated by an undefined fear. And behold, the sun, your oracle, has again burst forth with all its splendor. Come, dearest, haste, Jules is calling from beneath. Let a smile dispel that gloom upon your brow, think only of the happy days to come; give all dark prophetic thoughts to the wind, and let me, as your bride-maid, preside at your adorning for the altar."

Emile's cheerful tones in a degree dissipated the nervous timidity of Lucille. She arose and commenced dressing in silence, but as she was throwing a dark silk dress over her, Emile arrested her.

"Not that, not that," she said. "It looks as gloomy as your own prophetic mind, and will infect Jules with it, if his own pleasurable sensations do not overpower it, with its own sombre color. This light airy white dress must be the one, and though no satin bows adorn it, and no wreath of orange blossom rests among your curls, you will be a bride no man need be ashamed to acknowledge."

Lucille smiled faintly as her eyes furtively rested on the reflected figure in her mirror.

"I am ready now," she said, laying her hand on the handle of the door. "I leave this room for the last time as wholly and solely my father's; when I return to it I shall belong to another. Will that ever guard me with the care and tenderness of the one whose loving authority I am throwing off?" She pressed her hands silently on her heart, then added, as she suppressed a long breath, "I must prove it."

"You are late this morning, girls!" cried De Vernet, smilingly, observing their white dresses. "The count has been sitting this half hour for his breakfast while you have been gaily decking yourselves. Really, were it not for your pale faces and rather gloomy looks, I should think you were going to some village wedding. But this parting seems to affect you all more than it should do, when at most it will be but for a few months, and you can receive letters from each other every day if you are not too idle to write them."

"Yes," said D'Almaire, quickly, fearing Lucille's emotion would give rise to suspicion. "They think by far too much of it, and to divert their thoughts, I have ordered my carriage in half an hour to take them a drive. Three or four hours passed in the open air this gloomy morning will bring back the color to their cheeks and the brightness to their eyes, and give them courage to say 'Adieu!' with firmness to-morrow. Come, Emile, if you please, give us our coffee. I have been up and down since six, and the hands of my watch now point to nine. Have mercy on me, and be quick with the coffee."

Emile had taken Lucille's place at the breakfast-table, believing she possessed the most fineness, but her hand trembled as she handed the cup to De Vernet. She felt criminal before him, as if she was joining in a plot against him, and answered confusedly his questions, and the announcement of the carriage was a welcome relief to her.

Lucille started up, startled at the sound, declaring she felt too ill to go out, and clinging nervously to her father.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "What is it causes this strange irritability of manner, child, so wholly unlike yourself! You and Emile were talking all right instead of sleeping, and want of rest has made you nervous; the air will chase it away. Here, Monsieur D'Almaire, I place her under your care; you will not, I am sure, take her further than her strength will allow. Perhaps it would be as well to reduce your three hours' drive to half its dimensions."

D'Almaire took her from her father's arms, pressed her hands, and whispered a few tender words in her ear; then, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, led her to the vehicle, and placing her and Emile into it, jumped in himself, and waving his hand to De Vernet, drove off.

The carriage proceeded at rather a quick rate through the town of Versailles and a mile and a half beyond it, when it branched off into a narrow road, and had proceeded near a mile in this direction, when D'Almaire, looking from the window, exclaimed, in a tone of vexation,

"Good heavens! there is Batiste! What can have brought his ill-timed presence so near us? Just, too, as we were about alighting—for we must leave the carriage here, that the servants may merely think we are going to morning service. What shall we do, Lucille? admit him to our confidence? For see, the church is in sight."

"Yes, yes," she returned; "tell him. Batiste is our faithful friend. It will be a great relief to me to have some one near when you are gone that knows all about it."

D'Almaire descended from the carriage without speaking, though evidently ruffled, and spoke to Batiste, who listened without interrupting him to the end, when he exclaimed,

"I do not like these private weddings, they often lead to unhappy results. Lucille has acted unwisely to deceive her father; but I suppose it is too late to offer opposition now, monsieur."

"It is," replied D'Almaire; "for the priest now waits to perform the ceremony. Be friendly, Monsieur Batiste, and keep this affair secret a few months until I have broken it to my mother, and all will be well. And be not harsh, I entreat you, towards Lucille, who already suffers much from the restraint upon her open nature, which for the present is unavoidable. You will enter into this plan, monsieur?"

"You say the priest waits," said Batiste, disconsolately; "then my interference would be useless. Before I could inform her father the deed would be done; I must necessarily become a party to it. Here is my hand, monsieur. I hope I am offering it to one who will not be the means of breaking a father's heart."

"You are giving it to an honest man, monsieur," was the answer, in a proud tone. "I will return to you immediately."

Batiste looked musingly after him.

"I believe you, Monsieur D'Almaire," he said. "You have a soul to do what is right; but you want energy, have too much pride and are guided by your lady mother, who is one of the old nobility, and thinks all beneath her own rank only worth trampling on. Poor Lucille! you have found it easier to gain the son's heart. The mother's favor will not shine so readily on you. I am sorry my walk was taken this way this morning. But here they come, the bride pale, and trembling as an aspen leaf. Ah! so was Madeline on our marriage morning; that is not always a bad omen."

He walked the other side of Lucille to the church. She looked furtively at him, but neither spoke.

On entering the church, the priest—already there with his book open at the altar, waiting their presence—increased her tremor. She clung to Jules's arm.

"Courage!" he whispered, leading her forward. "What is there to fear or condemn here? A few words will make us one."

They now stood at the altar. The ceremony commenced. As it proceeded her firmness returned, and she received the benediction of the holy man, and the congratulations of Emile and Batiste on its conclusion with a calm and grateful heart. Indeed, the worst seemed to have passed; she had been wavering the last twenty-four hours between right and wrong, praying the scale to be turned in favor of the former. She had now trust in her hopes that all was for the best, and the arm she had clung to almost helplessly on entering the chapel, she leant on, on departing from it, with the trusting devotedness of her nature.

The following day the carriage, which had been waiting long at the cottage door of De Vernet—some trifling omission or oversight keeping the travellers from it—was ordered by D'Almaire to proceed to the orange grove on the skirts of the valley, there to wait till they joined it, every moment being valuable to him while he continued near his bride, who had promised to accompany them to it.

As they approached the grove, now in full blossom and sending forth its sweet odor, D'Almaire plucked one of its white feathery branches, and placing it in Lucille's hair, said with a smile, "It shall not be said that my bride wore not the orange wreath on her brow, the marriage emblem of her country. It is an uncouthly and trifling gift, love; but it is my first wedding one. And long after its withering petals have fallen and mixed with its native earth, you will remember the time and place when and where I bestowed it."

"I will," she said, smiling through her tears, and releasing the

flowers from her head, and them into her bosom. "I shall consider them a holy gift, bestowed at our first parting. I will watch and tend them till we meet again."

"Which will be ere many weeks," he replied. "Adieu! we must now separate, or the sun will set and the heavy dews fall on your uncovered head before you can reach home."

Emile had said her last good-bye, and was in the carriage; Lucille threw herself into Jules's arms. "Farewell!" she cried, in a broken voice. "Do not be long in returning; think of the bitterness of concealing me, and pity me."

He threw his cloak round her, and hurried her towards the vehicle.

"Go with me," he whispered, "you are mine, legally mine; why should we separate? Go with me to Paris; there I will acknowledge you my wife, spite of the world, spite of my mother."

She struggled to free herself, but she was already on the steps of the carriage; there was now no wavering about her; desperate with the force of her feelings she broke from him, and her voice was firm.

"Leave me, Jules," she cried, "this is an outbreak of selfishness. I did not anticipate. You would have me add cruelty to disobedience, have me forsake my father without a word, or even a look to soften the act. Go! you have yet to learn the heart of the woman you have given your name to, if you believe her capable of ingratitude." Humbled by her manner, more striking in one so young, he stood a moment regarding her, when drawing her towards him, he pressed a long kiss on her lips.

"Pardon me!" he cried. "My love had hurried me on to what I might hereafter have regretted, had not your discretion—so superior to my own, young as you are—prevented it. Adieu! I cannot trust myself longer with you, I see your worth, and will love and venerate it."

He entered the carriage hurriedly, threw himself in a corner of it, and it was soon in rapid motion, leaving Lucille standing there like one paralysed. Events had flitted away so rapidly that, but for the bitterness of her feelings, she could have fancied herself in a dream. Her eyes were still fixed on the retreating vehicle. Emile's handkerchief was waving from it; she watched it till it became smaller, smaller, till it became a mere speck, then a clump of trees hid it entirely from her, and she turned from the direction, this warm, genial evening, cold, heart-sick.

She entered the grove and sat down on a low branch which had been allowed to jut out and grow unmolested from its parent tree. At the moment a gust of wind disturbed the calm quiet of the grove, blossoms unnumbered showered round her white and feathery as snowflakes. She started up, shaking them from her.

"Is it mockery," she cried, "or do they speak of the future? I am covered with these beautiful leaves, emblematical of innocence and unity. Ah, look, look!" she continued, in a suppressed tone, "they are already withered; they cover me like a winding-sheet, cling to me, follow me!" she added as they still fell upon her, though she beat them from her, and retreated from the grove.

She ran several yards, assailed by a superstitious dread, till the smoke from the cottage chimney, rising blue and majestic, seemed to mingle with the clouds to assure her of her safety. She stopped to recover breath that her father might not suspect her agitated feelings. He met her at the door.

"I was just coming in pursuit of you," he said smiling, "for you have protracted your parting to such a length that I was doubtful whether Emile and her brother, out of true love of your presence, had not really succeeded in using some art to spirit you away."

The thought of how near she had been hurried from him gave her languid face a paler hue; he observed it, and added, "Thank Heaven they are off, Lucille! You will now be my own again. I shall have some enjoyment of your society, and the roses, I hope, which the last few days have died on your cheek will revive again. To-night you are sadly pale, as white as the orange blossoms clinging to your hair."

"Are they still there?" she exclaimed, her old, superstitious dread returning, and raising her hand to her head, she brushed them irritably away. They scattered about the table, she looked searchingly at them.

"Look, father," she cried, "they are all dead, their perfume gone! When before did the orange blossom wither as it fell? Is it because they have fallen on me that I see them thus?"

De Vernet laughed. "It is emblematic of old maidism!" he cried, "my Lucille will never be taken from me."

"It speaks then of blighted hopes," she said, speaking between her teeth.

"Heaven forbid!" said her father.

He had spoken lightly before, now an uneasy pang was at his heart, and he took her in his arms.

"Dispel this silly superstition," he continued, "for my happiness and ideas are so bound up in you, my child, that to see you thus prematurely old and thoughtfully reflective, unmans me."

"You shall see me all smiles after to-night," she said; "I will sleep away the gloom which parting with Emile, whom I love very dearly, has occasioned. The morning shall make me your own Lucille again."

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCILLE was right. With the morning came brighter hopes; it also brought a letter from Emile, with one enclosed from D'Almaire, full of kind and tender expressions, just such as her own warm heart responded to. She wondered how such superstitious dread could have found entrance for a moment there; and her answer to him was cheerful and hopeful, and had it not been for her secret, the thought of which engendered sensations weighty and momentous, because her father was not allowed to share it, she would have had but one regret, that of being absent from her husband.

Several months passed, and D'Almaire was a regular correspondent. At length his letters spoke of coming to the valley. Lucille's heart beat hurriedly against its barriers as she read the welcome words. "He is coming," she thought, "to ease me of this torturing suspense, to give me courage to look my father in the face, with the innocence and confidence he merits." Her spirits rose with the thought, and though the bloom on her cheeks came and went, her voice was more cheerful, and her tread lighter than it had been since she became a wife.

Two days later D'Almaire's well-known step was on the gravelled path of the cottage garden. Lucille rose from her seat to meet him; but before she reached the door, he had sprung in at the window which opened on the little terrace, and she was in his arms. She had no words for him, though her heart was full of them, and could only answer his impassioned ones, by clinging to his neck, and weeping on his shoulder. How she blessed the chance that had taken her father from the house, and prevented him witnessing this interview; for she soon understood he had not come to claim and bear her home, but to impress upon her the necessity of keeping their marriage unknown to the world a few months longer.

"And from my father also?" said Lucille. "Surely I may tell him? Oh, you know what it is Jules, for a child to be always with a parent, and a secret hovering on her tongue that must not reach his ears."

"Would it avail anything in our cause with my mother?" returned D'Almaire. "No, she would condemn your father as an accessory, and refuse on those terms to receive you. We must proceed slowly, Lucille; but not the less surely on that account. You must go to Paris, that my mother may learn to love you. You will not, I hope, refuse me this, if your father consents to part from you a few weeks."

She was silent. What could she say? She was in his power; she had voluntarily forged her bonds, and, come weal, come woe, must submit to those results.

With this resolve, she schooled her face to cheerfulness, and kept a stern control over her troubled feelings. D'Almaire made no further remark during his stay with her, on their relative situations, and happy on one point, that of having him near her, the few days he remained flew on feathery pinions, and with all their disadvantages were numbered among those free from care in her wedded life.

De Vernet, who had suspected an attachment between them, was not surprised on his return home to find the count there; and though a few drops yet lingered on the eyelashes of his daughter, he thought they were tears brought there by pleasure, and greeted him with his usual urbanity; not an idea for a single moment crossing his mind that his Lucille, so richly endowed by Nature, could be objected to in an alliance with nobility because in her use she might be a disproportionate match, and D'Almaire, glad while he remained there to be thought the accepted lover of Lucille, as it lulled other suspicions, and gave him an opportunity of being always near her, spoke openly with De Vernet of the approaching wedding when he should transplant his cottage blossoms to his own Parisian home, and the ancient halls of his ancestors.

The morning of D'Almaine's departure Lucille hurried to the small wood skirting the premises, and throwing herself on the seat where Jules had obtained her unwilling consent to their union, was indulging freely in the thoughts it had given birth to, when they were interrupted by the rustling of the underwood near her. She looked up—Batiste was before her.

"Pardon my intrusion, madame," he said, coming towards her, "but a secret always sits heavily on the mind of Jacques Batiste. The count, I hope, has given permission for its being divulged?"

"No," she replied, confusedly, "there is necessity for longer concealment. A few months, perhaps only weeks; I cannot state, Monsieur Batiste, the exact time, but as anxiously as yourself I trust this reserve will soon pass away."

"I trust so," said Jacques; "for I do not seem like an honest man when before M. de Vernet with the knowledge of his daughter's marriage on my conscience—a knowledge so studiously kept from himself. What, permit me to ask, madame, prevents the count acknowledging it?"

"I cannot enter into particulars now," she replied, "but they are grounded, I feel convinced, on justice and honor; therefore you will stand our friend a little longer, and not make my father unhappy by a premature disclosure which may mar the concerted plans of Monsieur D'Almaine, and cause much unhappiness to myself probably."

"Heaven forbid I should add to your discomfort," said Batiste; "for I have seen plainly that you have never been yourself since—since the morning you overtook me near the church of St. Mark. I do not like unnecessary delays, but hope it is all right with the count, that he does not already regret that morning's work. There, do not look so pale and woe-begone. I think and hope with you, it is all right—that delay may be expedient; but after all the straight road is the easiest. If it is rugged we know its termination, and there's no deception about it. There, you are looking paler than ever. Cheer up! We will both of us look on the sunny side of objects; and whatever may turn up, whether you need him or not, believe that Jacques Batiste will ever stand foremost yours, and your father's firmest friend."

"I know it, I know it!" she uttered, subduing her emotion. "But what have I to fear!—surely not my husband's truth or honor! No, no; I am only unhappy because there is broken faith between my father and myself."

"Ah, it was wifol!" he replied with a sigh. "From such a father, what had you to fear? Even now, I would break through the restraint imposed on me and tell him all."

"Not yet, not yet!" she returned hurriedly. "A higher duty than that to my father sways over me, Batiste. I will submit to it—it will not be for long. Monsieur D'Almaine is noble and generous, and in a few weeks will release you from the silence that weighs so heavily upon you."

"I wish it, madame," said Batiste; "not for myself alone, but for you, whom it afflicts and concerns infinitely more. I will be silent henceforth, until you permit me to speak. But believe and command my friend—ship whenever you require it."

"Thanks—the thanks!" was her reply; but he had hurriedly quitted her while speaking, and her words fell on the air, and were lost before he could reach him.

A few weeks after, a letter addressed to De Vernet from Madame D'Almaine, gave surprise, not unmixed with pleasure, to the inmates of the cottage. Its contents were merely the following:

"Madame D'Almaine's sincere friendship to Monsieur de Vernet, and entreats him to spare his daughter a few weeks to see the wonders of Paris; he may rest assured that the greatest care will be taken of her. Madame D'Almaine will send a confidential female attendant to guard her during the journey; and her son and daughter, who are desirous for her society, will meet her the second stage from the capital with the family carriage. United commendations from the family circle of Madame D'Almaine to Monsieur and Mademoiselle de Vernet, with hopes that an early day will be named when her visitor may be expected."

There was also a letter from Emile, with an enclosure from Jules to Lucille. D'Almaine's contents had the following few words:—

"DEAREST LUCILLE—Come to Paris; I am all impatience to see you, and have much to say. My mother is still in ignorance of our alliance; but when you are with us, and she knows you, we shall have ample opportunity of revealing. Yours, devotedly, JULES."

Lucille read and re-read this short epistle, with half angry feelings against the writer, that he should wish her to appear before his mother under a name and character she had no longer any right to; her nature revolted at the duplicity of the proceeding, and her first impulse was to war against his wish and remain where she was.

De Vernet would not listen to Lucille's excuses. He had some time felt alarmed by her loss of the animated spirits that had made her so attractive, and at the fleeting color which seldom now rested on her cheeks. He thought she wanted change of scene and air, and was grateful that the countess's invitation would enable her to have both. Accordingly, an early day was fixed for her departure. With a heavy heart she tore herself from her father's arms, and stepping into the carriage the matronly person sent by Madame D'Almaine followed, who soon, by her conversation and her anecdotes, and the praises of the family she had served thirty years, succeeded in diverting her attention from the present to the future.

It was the afternoon of the second day when they arrived at the place of meeting mentioned by the countess. As the tired horses entered the courtyard of the inn, Lucille heard a joyful exclamation; she looked from the window; Jules and Emile, with smiling, welcome faces, were already there. The coach door was opened hastily, and before she was well aware of it, she was in the latter's arms; D'Almaine took her from them, and almost bore her into the hotel, where, unobserved, he could shower upon her the fervor of his affection.

"We will dine here," said D'Almaine, "and at least have a few hours' uninterrupted pleasure and conversation before you are introduced to my mother, who, like a child in expectation of a new toy, is longing to show you to the world she lives in, and the only one she knows."

Lucille readily assented, glad of any excuse to postpone a meeting with a person who, from the recollections of her childhood, was neither amiable nor conciliating.

(To be continued.)

DESTRUCTION OF THE HARPER'S FERRY ARSENAL BY THE FEDERAL TROOPS.

On Thursday, the 18th of April, this far-famed Arsenal was destroyed by command of the United States Government. After the secession of Virginia it was evident that an attempt would be made to seize this military station, since the small force of Federal troops who held it rendered any attempt to hold it perfectly impossible. This became all the more apparent, since the sentiments of Colonel Barbour, the late Superintendent, were well known to be strongly in favor of secession; indeed, he had already demanded that his resignation should be accepted by the Federal Government.

Lieutenant Jones and a small company not exceeding fifty men were in possession, and a hearing that a body of Virginians numbering six hundred men were approaching by the Winchester road, for the purpose of seizing the Arsenal, he immediately gave orders to prepare for its destruction, so that they should only possess a mass of ruins. For that purpose he caused piles of powder to be put into a quantity of straw in all the buildings, and then quietly awaited the intelligence which a picket guard had despatched to watch should bring. It soon returned with the news that the Virginians were advancing, and in a minute the garrison set fire to the outhouses, carpenter's shop and the adjacent buildings. The gallant band, with Lieutenant Jones at their head, then commenced their retreat from the conflagration. The citizens of Harper's Ferry, who were instantly in league with the advancing party, were instantly in arms, and pursued the Federal troops, firing on them as they retreated. Two were killed, and two deserted. The rest reached Hagerstown, having marched all night. Missing the railroad train at Hagerstown, they took possession of some stages, and arrived the next morning at Chambersburg, where they were

hospitably entertained by the citizens, who loudly applauded their conduct.

Lieutenant Jones is a son of the late Adjutant-General Jones, U. S. A. He says the Federal troops rushed across the Potomac bridge, at Harper's Ferry, the people rushed into the Arsenal. He believes that large numbers perished by the explosion. Repeated explosions occurred, and he saw a light burning in the buildings for many miles.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK was a scene of unexampled excitement on Thursday, the 18th of April, for on that day the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Militia arrived in our city, on their way to defend the Federal Capital. To receive them with due honor, Colonel Le Gal, the Commander of the Lafayette regiment, marched up to the New Haven depot, Twenty-seventh street, but owing to some mistake, they were informed they would not arrive for some hours. They consequently marched back to their Armory. About half-past five in the morning the cars came bearing the gallant Bay State regiment. By this time an immense throng had collected, who gave their visitors a most hearty reception. The brave fellows then left the cars, marched down Twenty-seventh street to Fifth avenue, thence to Broadway, through Union square, and then to the Metropolitan Hotel, where four companies took breakfast. Another detachment went to the St. Nicholas, and the remainder repaired to the Astor House. The streets were lined with a dense crowd, which cheered them vociferously.

At half-past eleven o'clock the battalions from the Metropolitan and the St. Nicholas took up their line of march for the Jersey City Ferry, and on arriving at the Astor House were joined by their comrades, and the whole regiment marched to the foot of Cortlandt street, followed by a dense mass of people, who greeted on the way with uninterrupted cheers. They were transported to Jersey City on the new ferryboat John P. Jackson, and were met at the dock by Mayor Van Vorst, of Jersey City, Chief of Police Marinus, and Sheriff Francis, and by an immense crowd of Jersey men and women, who gave them a welcome not less warm than that they had received in this city. Eighteen cars were ready for their reception, in which they embarked as soon as practicable, and at a few minutes past one o'clock the train started for Philadelphia. A harder-looking or better trained regiment of militia has never visited this city. The following is a list of the companies, with their officers, number of men in each, and where from:

RANK AND FILE.	
Company A, of Stoneham, Capt. John H. Dyke	79
Company A, of Middlesex, Capt. J. A. Lawdell	67
Company D, of Lowell, Capt. J. W. Hart	65
Company C, of Lowell, Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. Albert S. Follansbee	67
Company I, of Lawrence, Capt. John Pickering	65
Company E, of Acton, Capt. Daniel Tutbill	46
Company H, of Lowell, J. F. Noyes, Lieut. Com.	53
Company F, of Lawrence, Capt. P. F. Chadbourn	63
Company B, of South Groton Junction, Capt. E. S. Clark	93
Company B, of Worcester, Light Infantry, Capt. H. W. Pratt	93
Company C, of Boston, First Regiment, Capt. H. S. Sampson	67
Total	738

In addition, there are members who have either previously left or are yet to arrive, the full complement of the regiment being eight hundred men. They arrived at Philadelphia about eight o'clock, and took supper at the Continental and Girard. Their reception in Philadelphia was equally enthusiastic with that of New York.

ATTACK UPON THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS BY THE PEOPLE OF BALTIMORE.

At noon on the 19th instant the city was startled by a telegram stating that the Baltimoreans had disputed the passage of the regiment, and that a bloody fight had taken place, resulting in a considerable loss of life. Such a report naturally caused great uneasiness, as an obstruction in Baltimore closed up the direct avenue to Washington, and much delay must necessarily ensue in reinforcing the Federal Capital. Confirmation of the news speedily arrived, and the details of the short sharp fight in the streets we give below. It was supposed that the Philadelphia troops and the Seventh Regiment would have to fight their way through Baltimore, but the burning of the railroad bridges prevented their going through by rail, and saved, in all probability, hundreds of valuable lives.

We have, in another column, described the departure from New York and the arrival in Philadelphia of the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. We will take up their march from the time they arrived in Baltimore.

The Fight in the Streets of Baltimore.

The Massachusetts regiment occupied eleven cars, and arrived safely and in excellent spirits at Baltimore. There was no demonstration made upon their arrival, and the cars were permitted to leave the depot with the troops still on board. The cars proceeded quietly through the streets of Baltimore on their way to the depot, at the other side of the town, and the fears expressed by some of the citizens that an attack would be made were somewhat allayed. But they had not proceeded more than a couple of blocks before the crowd became so dense that the horses attached to each car were scarcely able to push their way through.

At this point the mob began hooting and yelling frightfully, and loud threats were uttered against the military. The troops, however, maintained a strict reserve, neither showing themselves nor replying to the insults so plentifully heaped upon them. The crowd finding that they could not thus exasperate the volunteers, commenced throwing stones, brickbats and other missiles, and eventually tearing up the pavements and hurling them in a perfect shower against the cars, smashing the windows and severely wounding many of the troops. However, the first nine cars succeeded in reaching the depot and departed for Washington.

The remaining two cars of the train, containing about one hundred men, were cut off from the main body, and the men found themselves encompassed by an infuriated mob of over right thousand. These isolated cars were immediately attacked, and several of the soldiers had their muskets snatched from them. At this moment news came that the Philadelphia Volunteers had arrived, and the report excited the mob to a fearful degree. The Massachusetts men, finding the cars untenable, alighted and formed a solid square, advancing with fixed bayonets upon all sides in double quick time, all the while surrounded by the mob—now swelled to the number of at least ten thousand—yelling and hooting. The military behaved admirably, and still abstained from firing upon their assailants.

The mob now commenced throwing a perfect shower of missiles, occasionally varied by a random shot from a revolver or

one of the muskets taken from the soldiers. The poor fellows suffered severely from the immense quantity of stones, oysters, brickbats, paving-stones, &c., the shots fired also wounding several. When two of the soldiers had been killed, and the wounded had been conveyed to the centre of the column, the troops at last, exasperated and maddened by the treatment they had received, commenced returning the fire singly, killing several, and wounding a large number of the rioters; but at no one time did a single platoon fire in a volley. Our informant is positive upon this point.

The volunteers, after a protracted and severe struggle, at last succeeded in reaching the depot, bearing with them in triumph their killed and wounded, and immediately embarked. The scene is described in glowing terms by our informant, who says that the calm courage and heroic bearing of the troops spoke volumes for the sons of Massachusetts, who, though marching under a fire of the most embarrassing description, and opposed to overwhelming odds, nevertheless succeeded in accomplishing their purpose, and effected a passage through crowded streets a distance of over a mile—a feat not easily accomplished by a body of less than one hundred men when opposed to such terrific odds.

Foreign News.

England.—Owing to the Easter holidays, there is nothing of any Parliamentary interest to record, and as the secrets of diplomacy generally pass out through that channel, there is little to record beyond the current rumors of the day. A great change seems to have taken place in English sentiment towards the Southern Confederacy, since Lord Palmerston has declared it would be an outrage to the civilization of the world to recognize a Government which was based upon slavery; and when reminded that one of the earliest acts of the Congress at Montgomery was to abolish the African Slave Trade for ever, the jauntily Premier said that he considered that as a mere blind to conciliate England and France.

France.—War seems to be in the ascendant. The Marshals have been summoned to meet the Emperor at a grand council, and this is considered as sure evidence of an approaching campaign. The antagonism between Louis Napoleon and the Roman Catholic clergy of the ultramontane school still continues, and it is said that the Emperor is so much under the influence of that extreme party as to seriously embitter the domestic life of the illustrious pair. There is also a rumor that a pamphlet by the irrepressible La Guernoniere is on the point of publication, entitled "Turkey and the Emperor." It is also stated that in this will appear a solution of the Italian difficulty. It is suggested that Austria will give up Venetia, in consideration of receiving a territorial equivalent out of the proceeds of the Sick Man. There are certain provinces now forming part of the Ottoman empire which would constitute Austria as a more effectual barrier to Russia than she now is, while England might be induced to give her consent to the scheme by the bribe of Egypt; France to have Syria for her share. How far England, who has hitherto pursued a policy which preferred making Russia a terror to Europe, rather than a menace to her Indian empire, will assist such a policy remains to be seen. It is very clear that, if she has Egypt, she need fear nothing from Syria being a dependency of France.

Italy.—Everything breathes war. Garibaldi is in the field, and has daily interviews with Victor Emanuel and Cavour. The discontent in Hungary becomes more and more chronic, and from his past declarations and his present actions, it is not difficult to predicate what his future conduct will be. These demonstrations against Austria, however, may be merely meant as arguments to bring that stolid power to listen to the propositions of France, as shadowed forth in the pamphlet we have already mentioned. It seems certain that Count Rechberg, the Austrian premier, and the French ambassador at Vienna, have had many interviews upon the vexata quæstio of the day.

Havana.—The dates are to the 16th. The great topic there is the occupation of San Domingo, and the excitement caused by the constant departure of war steamers and transports with troops, field artillery, military stores and munitions of war, is very great. Prince Alfred has postponed his visit in consequence of the death of the Duchess of Kent.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All questions sent to Mr. Phelan in reference to the rules of the game of billiards will in future be answered in this column. It would be too much labor to send written answers to so many correspondents.

DIAGRAMS OF REMARKABLE SHOTS.—Reports of Billiard Matches, or items of interest securing the game, addressed to the Editor of this column, will be thankfully received and published.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have to request the indulgence of our numerous correspondents until our next number.

BENNETT'S MOVEMENT.—We have received a letter from M. Berger, dated 7th April, 1881. He had been confined to his bed for nearly two weeks, so that he had been able to devote only ten days to billiard operations. He is much pleased with the reception he met with at Havana. He had given three exhibitions at the Casino-General's, and had received a present of a bracelet from Marshal Serrano and his lady. He had also given three exhibitions at the Club or Cercle des Toradores. Previous engagements obliged M. Berger to be in New Orleans by the 15th April, and he was to have left on the 7th by the Belleville. He proposes to leave New Orleans about the 15th May, and Mr. Phelan will meet him at St. Louis or Cincinnati, if his business arrangements will admit of it.

THE KNOTTY QUESTION.—We again submit the question given in No. 28, and invite solutions of it. We have already received numerous decisions, with the reasons on which they are founded, but being unable to give them all in full, we append a synopsis of a few:

"A, B, and C play a game of 100 points at billiards—a three-handed game. A gives B 10 points, A and C play even, and B and C play even. B makes 10 points and beats A; A beats C, and C makes 100 points before B. Who is to pay for the game?"

Mr. B.—I argue that A beats B for 10 points, C beats B for 100 points. The price of the game being thirty cents, A is responsible for seventeen cents and B for thirteen cents. Mr. C.—I argue that A, having been beaten by B, loses one-third of the game, and A, having beaten C, and C having beaten B, B pays the balance—that is, A pays ten cents, and B pays twenty cents.

A long communication from B—says that the game being an extraordinary one, and not in accordance with the rules of billiards, must be decided on its individual merits. Thus: In the first place, it was the natural expectation and intention of the parties contesting, that but one should be the loser, or, in other words, that there should be two winners and one loser, and that the loser should pay for the game; therefore, as A beat C, and B beat A, and C beat B, A loses to B, B loses to C, and C loses to A. Having made an extraordinary game in contravention of the regular rules, the result shows that the original intentions and expectations of the parties were not fulfilled. It would, therefore, be a flagrant injustice to condemn either of the three—where all stand precisely alike—to pay for the game; they must, therefore, pay equally as being a draw game.

A member of the legal profession argues that B should pay for the game, thus: The game, as between A and B, is decided, of course, on B making the 70 points; but A is not out as to C, until he makes his 100 points. Now, having made his 100, he is out of the game, and it lies between B and C, and C, making his 100 points, of course wins, and B is the loser.

We have many other communications on the same subject, synopsis of which we will present in future issues.

THE AMATEUR TOURNAMENT.—The bulletin on the 11th inst. stood as follows:

Around the table..... 158

Four ball carom game..... 114

French carom..... 30

Carom pool..... 58

THE TOURNAMENT.—The grave and serious matters now occupying the public mind will we fear, cause a postponement of the National Tournament. As far as we are concerned, the arrangements are all concluded and the prize table completed. Should the players express a desire to have it take place as proposed, it will go on; otherwise, a postponement will be necessary.

OBITUARY.—Had, in this city, on Tuesday, the 16th April, James Lynch, late superintendent of the Union Square Billiard Room, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Repose in peace.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."



Diagram of a Billiard Shot. The above diagram is a correct representation of a brilliant shot made by Mr. Stuart P. Smith, at Niagara Falls, while making a run of 100 points. I submit it to you, hoping you will be kind enough to put a cut of it in your interesting paper.



THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS FIRING INTO THE PEOPLE IN PRATT STREET, PHILA



ET, WHILE ATTEMPTING TO PASS THROUGH BALTIMORE, EN ROUTE FOR WASHINGTON, APRIL 19, 1861.—SEE PAGE 375.

ERLE GOWER: OR, THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVI.—CONTINUED.

For some time Lady Kingswood had persistently refused to see him alone. Her conversation with him had been of the most compulsory nature, engaged in only in the presence of others and in reply to direct questions. He had tried several times to break through this most vexatious line of conduct which she had adopted, but without success, and now, after the proceedings of this night, and the language she had used to him in the presence of a menial, he determined that, if he wished to have an interview with him, she should send such request to him.

He made no inquiries respecting her or Lady Maud on the following day, but at the end of the week, by Phineas, he learnt that at Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril had departed from the mansion for Brighton, under the advice of an eminent physician who had been called in to attend Lady Maud in a sudden attack of illness.

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, turned white, recalled Lady Kingswood's words and curse, drew a deep breath, but he made no reply. Phineas made no comment. He looked haggard and ill at ease. He had suddenly appeared before Lord Kingswood the evening after the incident in the picture-gallery, and informed him that he had been unable to obtain an interview with old Penelope, and should be in no position for some time to come to obtain any further information respecting Erle or his companion, the Wonder of Kingswood Chase.

In the frame of mind in which Lord Kingswood then happened to be the communication did not affect him—he merely waved his hand, and said it mattered not. So Phineas quietly fell into the resumption of his old duties again.

A physiologist would, however, after a perusal of his features, have declared that there was some deadly purpose lurking in that man's mind.

In the mansion of Horace Vernon, scarcely more than a stone's throw from Lord Kingswood's residence, there were events occurring which were hardly of a less striking nature, to one being at least.

Erle, a tall, extraordinary young man which had so unexpectedly fallen from the lips of Beatrice Stanhope, felt like one who had been suddenly aroused out of a trance only to be hurried into a region of wild, chaotic confusion.

He sent, as he had promised, a medical gentleman to attend Beatrice—a circumstance which, as she quickly recovered, and found Erle had departed abruptly, was singularly annoying to her—and he hurried home, sought his own chamber, and there, in a state of bewilderment, went over the whole scene which he had just enacted with Beatrice.

He questioned himself closely as to the manner in which he had acted to her so as to create the passion of love within her breast, and after a searching examination, he felt sure that she had wholly misconceived his actions, words, and looks. The regard he entertained for her was purely one of friendship, and could never be anything else; and he saw in a moment that he must not even indulge in this sentiment, so far as it was likely to bring them into each other's society again, as by such a step he would only be increasing the evil it was his duty at once to stop.

But how to stop it! He shrank from writing to her; he was a novice in affairs of the heart, he only knew that he himself loved, and that words of any kind addressed to him, telling him that his love was and must be hopeless, would pierce his breast with the bitterest and most poignant grief; and how could he indite words to her every one of which would be like an arrow in her heart!

So I, to meet her and be silent on what had transpired would be wholly impossible. If he kept her in ignorance as to the real state of his feelings towards her, and acted as kindly to her as heretofore, he would only be fostering and encouraging the attachment which she had so unexpectedly confessed. To behave coldly and indifferently he could not, and to inform her that he was sorry that she should have fallen in love with him, as he could not return it, was a piece of cruelty to the performance of which he did not feel equal. There was but one plan, and that was to endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid her presence, without appearing to do so intentionally, to absent himself from home when she was expected to visit Violet, and to carefully keep away from receptions and places in which they were likely to come in contact.

Such an absence, apparently accidental, but persisted in, would no doubt be understood by her, and would induce her to turn her thoughts elsewhere. She had many admirers—that Erle knew—and in their adulations and ardent attentions he hoped that she would forget that he had ever existed.

Having decided upon this course, he proceeded to put it into execution, and consequently was absent much from home, and from those places, indeed, at which Ismael especially requested him to appear.

Ismael at length noticed this, and likewise that Beatrice Stanhope no longer visited them. She had been so constant in coming to see Violet, that her absence was conspicuous, and that Violet made any remark about it, for she seemed to have some cherished subject of thought which rendered her more cheerful than she had hitherto been, especially when alone. She was not averse to Beatrice's society, because she loved to hear her, being an accomplished musician, play upon the pianoforte. These performances were lessening to her even yet more valuable than those she continued to receive from an exceedingly clever mistress, and as she had conceived a passionate fondness for music, the society of any one who could minister to it was pleasant.

Beatrice had devoted so much of her conversation to Erle when he was with them, that she could hardly be a companion whom Violet would miss; therefore, her continued absence elicited no remark from her; while the continued presence of Carlton, though contrasting strongly with the sudden withdrawal of Beatrice, was equally subject to no observation. In fact, it was a relief to Violet when Carlton sat by her side and talked to her; it enabled her to think without attracting the attention of those in company.

Ismael's sagacity led him to divine the cause of the conduct of both Erle and Beatrice; and one day, in the presence of Erle, he said to Carlton Stanhope:

"We miss your sister, Mr. Stanhope. Are her engagements so suddenly so serious that she cannot spare us one poor hour or so?"

"She is not well," returned Carlton, immediately.

Erle felt his heart beat violently, and bent his head over a book.

"I regret to hear it," returned Ismael, with a furtive glance at Erle, whose face he perceived to be suddenly flushed with crimson. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"No," returned Carlton. "Our medical man says it is purely an attack of the nervous system."

"Indeed! In what way does it develop itself?" interrogated Ismael, still steadily watching Erle's face, which he perceived deepened in color each moment.

"Well, in a species of depression of spirits, lowness, tears and general debility," returned Carlton. "The doctor terms it, I think, hypochondriasis."

"Ill and sad," observed Violet, in a tone of concern, and thoughtfully, too. "Shall I not go to her, and alleviate her grief if possible? Perhaps it is not possible," she added musingly.

"Thank you for your gentle consideration," exclaimed Carlton, "but she is not to be seen alone. The medical attendant advises change of air, and I believe she goes out of town in the morning."

"No present asked where."

Erle rose up and walked to the window. Then he strode towards the door. Ismael stopped him.

"Do not leave us just yet. I wish to speak with you presently."

Erle threw himself into a seat, and took up the book at which he had been looking.

Ismael glanced at Violet, and speaking with emphasis, said to Carlton:

"I do not think that I should attach any serious importance to such an attack as that which appears to have seized your sister. Young ladies are apt to take strange fancies into their brain, and they treat them like flowers—try to nourish them with moisture. A girl without a secret sorrow or flood of tears indulged in, in privacy, would be a kind of nondescript. Fortunately, perhaps, they confine mostly to kill their plan is with too much moisture, for I have noticed that after a time the storm clouds dissipate, the sun shines out as bright as before, and the spirits become lighter and gay than ever."

Violet looked up at him, even smiled, but she shook her head.

"I never knew Beatrice do this sort of thing before," exclaimed Carlton, thoughtfully. "She has always had a very continuous flow of spirits, and rather a strong mind. I can't think what can have occasioned such an extraordinary change in her."

"I can," thought Ismael. "My plot so far works well."

"I think," continued Carlton, "that you, Mr. Vernon, take the correct view of the matter, and that Beatrice will soon be the same as she always has been."

"I hope so," exclaimed Erle with animation.

A smile curled Ismael's lip.

"Does he love her?" he thought. "I think not. If he does, he must break with it, if he breaks his heart too."

"There has been a great deal of illness lately," observed Carlton. "There has been rather over much of it at the Kingswoods."

"Ha! is that so?" exclaimed Ismael, sharply. "Who is ill in that family?"

"It would be difficult to say who is not," returned Carlton. "Lord Kingswood looks like a spectre; my father says that it is with fagging so hard at the work of the department he presides over. At all events, it is in every one's mouth that he looks haggard and hurried quite as much from some secret source of unhappiness as from over application to the duties of his office. It is rumored, indeed, that Lord and Lady Kingswood do not live very happily together."

A grim smile settled on Ismael's features.

"Lady Kingswood is very ill. She does not keep her chamber, but I am told she, too, looks very anxious and unhappy," continued Carlton, "and she is said to have been somewhat strange in her manner. Cyril Kingswood, too, is very ill."

Violet turned eagerly to him.

"Is that all?" she exclaimed eagerly. At the same moment her eye caught that of Ismael, who saw that it gleamed like a living coal. She sank back in her chair in silence.

"Yes," proceeded Carlton, "he is just as sorry to say, is Lady Maud St. Clair."

Erle felt as though he could have leaped out of his seat, but having seen the silent passage between Ismael and Violet, when the name of Cyril Kingswood was mentioned, he remained as still and kept his features as impassive as if they were carved in marble.

"The family," added Carlton, after a short pause, "have quitted London for Brighton."

"All?" interrogated Ismael.

"All," replied Carlton, "that is to say, Lady Kingswood, Lady Maud and Cyril. Lord Kingswood follows immediately."

Shortly after this conversation ceased Carlton Stanhope took his leave. A brief silence ensued. Erle broke it. Addressing Ismael, he said,

"You expressed a wish to speak with me, sir. I attend you."

"It was nothing," answered Ismael, leaning his head upon his hand reflectively. "I intended to say that we shall leave London for Brighton to-morrow."

Violet pressed her hands together, and breathed inaudibly—

"Amen!"

Erle, too, compressed his hands in each other, and murmured—

"Amen!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

She comes! how lovely are her smiles.

The ever-glorious Morn!

Up from old Ocean and his isles,

Her royal chariot borne

By the winged steeds of Light,

Spurning far the shades of Night;

While Darkness gathers round her head

Her heavy wings which late lay spread

Wide o'er the sleeping world;

She quits her throne; she flies away—

She flings up her usurped way—

To shame and exile buried.—Philip James Bailey.

Her eyes' unfathomed brightness!

The flowing gold of her hair!

He told his hands in homage,

And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,

A gentle look of pain,

And quickly he had seen her

She passed from his sight again.

William Cullen Bryant.

Ismael had named an early hour the following day for the departure of Violet, Erle and himself from London to Brighton, it was not until late in the afternoon that all his arrangements were completed. The five o'clock express was the train he selected, and in but little more than an hour beyond that time a carriage received them at the Brighton terminus, and proceeded at a dashing pace down the Queen's road and West street, took its way along the King's road, and ultimately halted at a magnificent mansion in Brunswick terrace. A thick haze arising from the sea prevented the occupants of the carriage from seeing anything save the brilliant lights in shop-windows dimmed by the fog, or the glimmering lamps, placed few and far between on the edge of the roadway.

Still adhering to the regulation Ismael had established, each dined in their apartment alone, and retired to rest without again meeting that night.

Violet, absorbed in the delightful probability of again seeing Cyril Kingswood, took but little heed of her new surroundings, and though she had never seen the sea, she felt indifferent to her close proximity to it, and did not once draw the window-blind aside to attempt to get a view of it, even though she had heard Ismael, as they drew near to the house at which they had alighted, speak of it, and had observed him point out its direction.

One new and strange thing she became conscious of, but not until she had retired to rest, and that was a peculiar, mournful, rushing sound, repeated and subsiding at regular intervals. It reminded her of her forest-home, when the wind, rushing through the trees, preparatory to a storm, swept through boughs, branches and tree tops, creating a low, moaning, moaning strain, soiling and pleasing to those accustomed to such wild, plaintive music, but depressing and even terrifying when heard, during a temporary sojourn in lone country places, by others who have lived in busy and populated towns, where such sounds are seldom or never heard.

In the car of Violet the surge and break of the sea upon the shore, the long roll of the descending shingle as it followed the retreating wave, to be again cast up, although she knew not what occasioned them, were sounds inexpressibly grateful. Again, in her mental vision, she sat in her leafy home with Cyril by her side, and she recalled his tender caresses, so soft and so musically-breathed in her willing ear, as he gazed upon her with his fond eyes, not less loving and ardent in their expression than his own.

And so she was by this tender, murmuring, complaining music wooed to sleep, thinking of Cyril as she sank into slumber, and living over the past with him in her happy, happy dreams.

The sunlight awakened her, the gradually-brightening beams penetrating through her window-blinds filled her apartment with their golden rays, and seemed to bring with them a freshness and animation to her spirits.

She arose and stirred herself. She threw open her casement, and started back with a cry of astonishment and delight. What a sight met her gaze!

The wind had changed from the east to the south, and the haze had all disappeared. Before her was an expanse of ocean, bounded only by the sky, on the right by the spur of land upon which the town of Worthing stands, on the left by tall cliffs. The sea was as calm as a lake and as blue. Upon its still surface rested a few fishing-boats at anchor, rising and falling gently, as though they were reposing upon the breast of a prostrate sleeping giant, and their motion was created by the gradual coming and going of his breath.

Immediately beneath her eyes was a broad, well kept roadway, and beyond that, stretching down to the beach, a green slope also well kept, and from its proximity to the shingle shore, especially pleasant and attractive to the eye.

A few pedestrians were slowly pacing to and fro, and some fishermen were stretching their arms and hesitating whether they could lean against the rails before them on their bent arms or with their backs.

Although yet early in the morning, and early, too, in the spring, some bathing-machines were standing in the sea, midwheel in depth, and some singular looking objects in yellow of skin caps and dark-blue dresses, strikingly denuded of crinolines, were, with ropes about their waists, bobbing up and down in the quiet water, something after the style of dancing dervishes.

The air seemed so fresh, the sky so clear and bright, a fleecy, lazy cloud only here and there mottling the wide expanse of the blue heaven; the hum of increasing traffic, the thronging host of the sea, and the shore broke in upon the thin blue of white foam, ruffled only to return and repeat in challenge—the whole, in fact, was so new, so strange, so brilliant and so attractive, that Violet, quite enchanted, stood at her window gazing eagerly in all directions, until her attendant summoned her to the less romantic but not less essential to health and comfort prospect of a well-furnished breakfast table.

Violet had no eyes, no appetite for her morning meal; she thought only of the novel and beautiful scene she had beheld, and of the probability that she should again see Cyril in this fair place.

It was with no little pleasure that she, at a later period of the morning, complied with Ismael's request to accompany himself and Erle in a walk upon the esplanade. At his desire, she enveloped her features in a thick veil, as she would enable her—although he did not explain to her his object in wishing her to do this—to observe and notice the persons whom she met, and other objects worthy of interest, without herself attracting attention of a character likely to confuse and embarrass her.

The hour approached noon, and the walks and the beach itself, at a certain part, were thronged with visitors. Though not what is termed the Brighton season, there was, nevertheless, a large concourse of promenaders, most of them evidently persons of good station, and, not a mean proportion, individuals of distinction.

As they wandered their way slowly along, ascended every few steps by postering, if polite, boatmen, who, with finger raised to their temples, desired to know if they would "like to have a sail d'navin?" or declaring it was a "fine morn'g for a sail," although there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring and not a ripple on the sea, Violet regarded with some surprise the costume adopted generally by the crowds of young and handsome ladies, who passed her at a somewhat brisk and martial step and fro. The small hats perched upon the tops of their heads, originally affected by the Spanish contrabandists, displayed more openly even than the little bonnets which had at one time been the fashion the charming faces which the fair owners certainly betrayed no intention of concealing. The figure, gentle and graceful, were in some instances set off to advantage by tightly-fitting mantles, or were hidden under capes, fashioned like those occasionally worn by the sterner sex. The skirts of the dresses were unusually amplified, and caught up, in most instances, sufficiently high to exhibit an under garment of the most brilliant colors, as well as ankles encased in tartan-hued hose, abruptly terminated by the smallest, most beautifully-shaped and the "dearest" Balmoral boots in the world.

Violet, in her innocence, charmed with the beauty of these young, dashing, attired ladies, believed them to be natives of some other clime; yet she thought that they could hardly be foreigners, for their glances, though but glances, were directed upon the many elegantly-dressed gentlemen as they passed, and those of the gentlemen upon the pretty much in the fashion of a mutual and not unfavorable recognition. Some of the gentlemen, too, wore hats similar to those adopted by the young ladies, and she thought them odd and silly; but still every one seemed to pass them without particular notice, so she assumed that it was "native to the custom," and though possibly very odd, still quite proper to the place she was then in.

In the roadway there were singers dressed in the costume of the Swiss cantons, warbling airs from favorite operas, while in other parts there were German bands making morn hideous by their detestable uproar. In a quiet spot was to be seen a being with a sallow face, in which water had long been a myth, on which struggled black, ragged moustaches, and whose head was empty furnished with long, greasy, black hair, apparently in a song by a favorite composer. And further on, a body of nigger minstrels might be heard going through a vocal performance, accompanied by banjo, tamborine and bones, with as much rapidity as if they expected the immediate approach of a policeman to put an end to their exhibition, before they could have time to collect their reward from a smiling but not very liberal crowd of spectators of the humble class.

An instrumental concert of a different kind was taking place upon the beach in front of the Bedford Hotel. A respectable body of musicians, styled the Town Band, here executed with skill, precision and an excellence scarcely to

be expected under the circumstances, overtures, pieces, polkas, waltzes and other music. And here a very large assemblage of the principal visitors congregated, some seated on chairs, others on benches, and not a few perched upon the steps of bathing-machines, of which at this part there is a large number extending in one long line.

Ismael paused here to enable Violet to see a phase of life entirely new to her. Interspersed with ladies and gentlemen were children, attended by nursemaids, actively employed in grubbing holes in the sand and shingle, or gazing with admiration upon a one-armed man, whose head was garnished with a crimson cap having a tasselled ornament at the end dropping down to his shoulder. This individual sold cakes, gingerbread nuts and brandy-balls, and required to be favored by any of his small but longing auditors, with a solution of the problem, "that if one of the nuts would warm either or any of them for a week, what would a pound do?" Mixed up with this motley group might be seen bathing-women, with bonnets upon their heads of an ancient shape and blue flannel dresses on their bodies of narrow dimensions, curtailed proportions, and inelegant fashion, standing, arms akimbo, talking to a kind of hybrid seaman, who sat or lolled about with folded arms, pipe in mouth, firm in the belief that work was not intended for them or expected of them, and that there is but one paradise, which is beer, and tobacco is its prophet.

The sounds of music, the thronging of individuals, restless in their movements as the sea itself, the passing to and fro of long strings of young ladies, yet under the martinet rule of the schoolmistress, and lunging to be emancipated from it, the whirling by of equestrians, male and female, the rolling of carriages, phaetons, flys and other vehicles, the bright, clear atmosphere, the wide, wide sea, decked in each moment in color, all combined to bewilder and confuse Violet, but, at the same time, to amuse, interest and delight her.

Ismael watched her closely. He could see the glitter of her eye through the veil, and the heightening of the color on her cheek; and he could also tell, by her eager examination of the different objects the scene presented, together with the elasticity of her step, that she was deeply interested and excited by what she beheld.

He bent his head low down to her, and said,

"The sight pleases you, Violet?"

"Oh, very greatly, indeed," she returned, with vivacity.

"There are hundreds such scenes which await your inspection," he replied, with some emphasis; "and now you will better understand that the broken heart does know a resurrection—it doth not perish for ever."

He felt her start and shudder as he breathed these words into her ear. He saw her head creep, but she made him no reply.

He could scarcely have expected an answer, yet he felt something vexed that she did not reply. He almost fancied himself premature in the supposition that change of scene, and intercourse with the world, would make her forget; and yet she was evidently impressionable. Others, as fair and gentle as her, had been carried away from the memory of the old by the soft words and tender smiles of newer friends, and why should she remain unchangeable, when so many of her sex were as mutable as that vast ocean upon which he then gazed?

He was disturbed by her continued silence, and by the fact that, on conducting her to the Chain-pier, upon which were gathered but a few persons, the interest she had exhibited in everything she saw previously seemed to have faded away, and that his observations and remarks were poured into a dull and indifferent ear.

Erle, during the whole of their walk, had appeared, perhaps, as interested as Violet in a scene as novel and attractive to him as to her; but his attention had been evidently divided by an expectation of meeting Lady Maud during their stroll; and even up to their almost solitary promenade on the pier, he did not diminish his active inspection of every one approaching or passing him; still, however, to be disappointed.

Had he been vain and conceited of his personal appearance—had he any thought for other than Lady Maud—he would have been flattered by the attention he excited. Black eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes, all feminine orbs, looked up to his face as they passed him, and flashed the brighter on beholding a countenance so handsome; but the deliberate stare, the fluttering eyelid, the coy glance or the sly look, passed unheeded by him—they were not Lady Maud's eyes, and so he cared not how sweet, how bright, or how blue, they were; they wanted the charm of belonging to her he loved more deeply and more passionately than the more her presence was denied to him.

One circuit of the pier, and Ismael laid the way off it. He, too, seemed disappointed that he had not encountered some one whom he had evidently expected to meet, and he returned with them in silence, and with a knit brow to their residence.

On reaching the door, he said, looking at his watch,

"I have ordered horses. They will be here in an hour. You had better take luncheon. I will return to the drawing-room at the time I have mentioned, and accompany you in your ride."

He left them as he concluded, and ascended to his chamber, while they, according to custom, parted, each seeking their own rooms, to take their meals alone.

When Violet returned to the drawing-room, dressed for the equestrian trip, she saw Erle standing by the window, gazing thoughtfully upon the sea with a dejected expression on his features.

She stole up to him, and tapped him lightly on the shoulder. He started and turned round to her. There was a sudden, haughty, fierce expression in his eyes, but it changed when he perceived Violet.

"You are sad," she exclaimed.

"A sigh invariably escapes him."

"I am anxious, troubled, perplexed, Violet," he exclaimed. "I have several matters to disturb me, and each hour they grow more and more insupportable. There appears to me but one course"—he lowered his voice as he proceeded—"and that is, to fly from this bondage. It galls me beyond my powers of expression to describe. I know not who I am—I have only a few horrible memories—I know not for what fate I am reserved. I know only that at present I am a creature, a tool, an instrument in the hands of Ismael for some dire purpose, and this is a state of being I am resolved to end. I will remain only until I have fulfilled the object of my visit, and then no more shall be heard of me until my name shall be uttered in honor, and my presence, instead of being the subject for finger-pointing and wonder, shall be welcomed with pride and satisfaction."

Violet looked at him with an expression of terror on her face.

"You will not, Erle, leave me alone with Ismael?" she said.

"He will befriend and protect you as he has hitherto done," he responded, taking her hand.

She drooped her head.

"He hath vowed that I shall never, never wed Cyril," she murmured, in a sorrowful tone. "He will keep his vow so long as I am wholly and entirely in his power. You bade me have faith—you bade me hope—you pointed out to me how linked together we were, you were, you would remain by my side, you would work a pathway out of the enangled mystery which surrounded us, and lift me with you into the sunshine of happiness. I have had faith in your words, in your promises, in the future, because you bade me; but if I am now to be left by you alone with Ismael, there is hope for me no longer. I may abandon all, and pray only for the hour to come which will release me from life."

"Do not believe, Violet, though I leave you, I shall desert you or forget you," he responded, in a kind and soothing voice. "Reviewing the past, from the first hour I set foot in Kingswood Hall until now, I am only each day more confirmed in the belief that the destinies of both of us are interwoven with those of the Kingswood family. I cannot divorce her, but that it is so I am sure. I shall not, I suspect, be able to unravel this complicated matter by remaining with Ismael, to act like one taking part in a pageant. I must adopt another course, and I have framed a plan which may be successful. It may be disadvantageous to me; be so—I shall dare it. But I will not quit you for ever without some bold effort for your happiness. I have decided upon this, and I may not have an opportunity of speaking to you again. Before, therefore, I quit the subject, there are two matters I wish strongly to impress upon you—remember and act upon them. The first is, that you bear an extraordinary resemblance to a portrait of a lady of the race of Kingswood hanging in an old apartment of Kingswood Hall; and, likewise, to a statue of that lady standing in the antique library. You face, therefore, men, I have beheld also vividly in—"—he passed his hands with a sudden movement over his temples—"in dreams it may be—day-dreams, visions; but still your face, bright and clear as I see it now—"

"As I have seen yours in that picture which hangs in the old hunting-lower at Kingswood Chase," she exclaimed, with a startled, excited manner; "and at night in the forest depths, in the cold, gray moonbeams—and in my dreams and visions, too," she added, in a tone which made him thrill.

"So shall it prove that we are both of the race of Kingswood," he returned, in almost a solemn tone.

"No—no—this cannot be," she cried, hastily. "No, no, Cyril Kingswood cannot be allied by blood to me—only—only, Erle, by love."

"We must prove that," he said, musingly. "There is a mystery which awakes me as I contemplate it, but I will fathom it. And therefore do I strongly impress upon you to feel no surprise, concern, or betray any feeling if suddenly you miss me from our daily communion. Ismael will not speak of it to you; be silent to him respecting it, and let him think as he may, although it seems harsh for me to say this. I would be grateful to him if I could, but he should satisfy me that what he has done for me has been for my benefit, and not alone to gratify the promptings of an uncompromising revenge."

The last words had hardly left his lips when Ismael made his appearance in the room. He motioned to them, without speaking, to follow him, and they obeyed in silence.

Their own horses were at the door attended by two grooms.

A crowd quickly assembled to see them mount, and many and loud were the exclamations of admiration from a very humble audience at Violet's beauty. Her attire was nearly the same as that in which she appeared in Hyde Park, and it attracted as much attention to her as it had done there.

As they rode slowly along, many gentlemen on horseback, meeting them, turned and followed in the rear, until, as on former occasions, there was quite a cavalcade formed.

A carriage approached them slowly: it was open, and contained two ladies.

An exclamation from Ismael drew the attention of both Erle and Violet to its inmates.

"Lady Kingswood!" he cried. "By heavens! how changed!"

Erle looked into the carriage, and there beheld Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud seated side by side. The face of

Her eyes kindled as they met his, her pale cheek flushed, a faint smile curled her lip, and then her face became as white as death again.

A moment, and they were gone—a moment, and all the faces visible in his eyes an instant previously had disappeared.

Even so unto the eyes of Violet, for she caught sight of Cyril Kingswood, who was on horseback, absorbed in thought, and did not see her. She would have attracted his attention, but she knew not how, and before even she could make a gesture which might have the effect of making him turn his eyes upon her, Ishmael rode slightly in advance of her, then dropped to her side, and Cyril was gone, unknowing how near he had once more been to her.

During the ride they met no more, although both Cyril and Violet so much wished to have again encountered them. A glance of recognition alone would have made Violet happy, but it was not to be, and they returned home to dinner with their wishes ungratified.

Violet, however, hoped that she might yet have the happiness of seeing Cyril once again, even though she should be unable to interchange a word with him. Her sitting-room window looked out into the esplanade and roadway, and as soon as she was alone she watched at it, but watched in vain, until deep night set in, and she could no longer recognise one form from another.

But soon after dawn she was again at her window watching—watching with an intensity of hopefulness that she would appear. It would be such joy to her to see him, and his eyes might fall once again on her face, and beam as radiantly upon her as they had of old, and even if they did this she could wait in patience and resignation for the time to come when they should meet to be no more parted on earth.

And even while such pleasing, hopeful, tender thoughts were passing through her brain, she saw Cyril before her eyes, standing on the pathway, gazing seaward, motionless and abstracted.

She did not think.

She caught up her walking attire, donned it hastily, and within a minute she stood by his side.

"Cyril!" she murmured.

He turned, and his astonished eyes fell upon her white, excited face.

"Violet!" he exclaimed, with a wild, passionate cry.

He seized her hands and pressed them to his lips.

Then a cry of agony burst from him. He flung her hands down.

"No—no—no," he exclaimed, with a terrible shudder, "no, it must not be—it cannot be. I dare not see you more. No, we part for ever! Oh, horror! Oh, death! for ever and ever!"

Tearing his hands madly up, he darted from the spot, leaving Violet standing paralyzed.

A shadow came before her—a voice sounded in her ears—

"Thus I have told you."

But she seemed to know, feel, hear nothing. All power of thought, sight, volition seemed to have left her, and she was borne back to her chamber, inanimate and unconscious, by Ishmael.

(To be continued.)

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Mr. JOSEPH has presented to the Central Park a magnificent live eagle, which was captured in Northern New York in the act of carrying off a goose. Becoming entangled in some brushwood and being attacked by a dog, the bird threw himself upon his back, and with talons, beak and wings, made a most gallant resistance, until he was finally rescued by a party of American citizens. Let us hope this will prove a happy omen in the present struggle.

The frequency of stabbing cases in drinking saloons renders some legislative action necessary to control these murder manufactories. We have had five of these affrays in ten days. Joseph Justa, the Italian, who was stabbed on Wednesday evening, the 17th, in Baxter street, by another Italian, sixty-three years of age, named Joseph George, died, on the 19th, in the New York Hospital. The parties, it appears, quarreled at the house No. 19 Baxter street, and proceeded to the sidewalk for a fight. Here Justa hurled a brickbat at George, who retaliated by stabbing him twice with a large dagger, once in the hand, and then in the breast. The latter wound, which was deep, proved fatal. George, who was arrested at the time, is still in prison, and awaits the result of a coroner's inquest, which will be held to-day. The police report both as having been bad men, and state that they have served several terms in State Prison.

Mr. NOTTBECK, the Russian Consul-General, was killed, on Thursday morning, by being thrown from his horse, near Forty-ninth street and Broadway. He was with his wife, on horseback, in the Central Park about nine o'clock, when his animal took fright and ran off towards Bloomingdale. On reaching Forty-ninth street he was thrown on his head, and when taken up was quite dead.

A Mr. J. C. HENAN has been tried for stealing a small quantity of snuff. Much merit was occasioned in court on account of the similarity of name to our great champion. We are happy to add, for the honor of the name, that the defendant was acquitted.

We cannot tell whether it is a ruse to keep our streets dirty for another month or not, but Mr. Hackley, the contractor to clean them, has been sent to jail for fifty days, for refusing to answer a question. It is so suggestive that we quote the proceedings: "What did you do with the \$46,000 which you received from the Board of Health on the 15th of February for the purpose of the street-cleaning contract?" To which the witness answered, "In the absence of counsel, unprepared as I am, my answer might furnish a link in the chain, or lead to some evidence that would criminate me in some way." The question was again repeated in open court, and as the witness still refused to answer, Recorder Hoffman adjudged him guilty of contempt and ordered his commitment to the County Jail for thirty days.

The frequency of suicide among married women, occasioned by domestic difficulties, is becoming quite a noticeable feature in our Bills of Mortality. Four married women last week poisoned themselves on that account. Coroner Schirmer held an inquest on Friday at No. 260 East Houston street, upon the body of Anna Loeffler, a German woman, 23 years of age, who poisoned herself by taking oil of bitter almonds. She had lived unhappily with her husband for some time, and yesterday morning some words passed between them, when he accused her of being false to her marriage vows. She immediately repaired to another room and drank the oil on, then called to her husband to know if she should take the life of her child also. He ran to the room and took the babe away, after which he called a physician, but the poison was too rapid in its effects, and she was a corpse in fifteen minutes. A verdict was rendered in accordance with the facts.

A terrible catastrophe happened at the Buchanan Wells, near Erie, N. Y., in the oil regions, where the gas from a spouting well took fire and exploded, killing seven men. Among them was Mr. Roue, an ex-member of the Legislature. The Buchanan Farm, on which over one hundred wells are yielding oil, is now in flames, as all the wells are now on fire. The loss in oil, derricks, &c., is immense.

The Boston Transcript of the 15th says: "On Tuesday morning, as a mother with her child, a boy about three years of age, was crossing the F. & M. railroad bridge at Portland, the little fellow became unruly and refused to proceed. In the efforts of the mother to compel him to go along, she lost her footing on the bridge and fell into the water, drawing the child with her. An alarm was given by a person who witnessed the affair, and the workmen in the Kerosene works hastened to the rescue. The mother was saved, but the child was drowned."

At Chicago, the other day, three ladies called to take tea at a boarding-house, bringing with them their three babies, all very much alike. While the mothers were at tea, the unsuspecting innocents were left lying upon a bed, and a couple of waggish young men of the house improved the occasion to slip in and change the clothing of the babies. When the mothers departed for their respective abodes at night, they selected their p-collared babies by the clothing, and great was the trouble which ensued, and it is not settled, for two of the mothers cannot be certain that they have got the right babies yet, and are troubled with tormenting doubts. The young men should not have done this.

On the afternoon of the 19th, Barney McLaughlin, a pedlar, went into Kreppe's cigar saloon for the purpose of selling some sand, when he was ordered by Kreppe out of the place, but as he was rather dilatory in doing so, he drew a revolver and discharged two shots at him. The balls both took effect in the face of McLaughlin, one passing through his cheek, the other lodging in the chest. Sergeant Jourdan of the Sixth Ward promptly arrested Kreppe, and he was locked up by Justice Kelly for examination. He disclaims any intention to shoot the young man, and states that it was merely in sport that he pointed the pistol at him; McLaughlin, however, is positive that he fired intentionally. The occurrence was witnessed by several persons, whose testimony will be taken. McLaughlin was taken to the New York Hospital, and his injuries are not considered to be of a dangerous character.

COLLECTOR BARNEY has declined to grant any clearances to ports of the seceded States. This is, of course, inevitable upon the President's proclamation of blockade.

It is very generally believed that the French and English Ambassadors at Washington have assured Mr. Seward that President Lincoln has the best wishes of their respective Governments.

A ROMANCE ABOUT A RUSSIAN PRINCE AND A BEAUTIFUL GIPSY GIRL.

A VERY youthful scion of the Imperial family being one day last summer on an escapade from the Imperial palace, had engaged to join a party of youthful comrades on the island of —, in order to see the midnight meeting of gipsies, which annually takes place after the popular fair which is held on the island, the frequentation of which is strictly forbidden to the youth of both sexes. The young adventurer, although strictly disguised as a gamin of St. Petersburg, ventured forth with much trepidation, and, by the time he had crossed the river, had grown so nervous at beholding the dreaded figure of his tutor, who had come over to the island, led thither by the same motive as that which influenced his pupil, that the latter immediately withdrew from the glories of the festival—from the sausage-frying and cucumber distribution, from the cabbage-

soup and tempting kavaas, from the whirl gigs and skittles, and all the other edifying games, to the very depths of the pine wood which adorns the back of the island, and, at a moment like this, becomes entirely deserted.

The young prince walked in among the solitary paths of the wood for a long time without meeting a soul, and, feeling weary, threw himself down upon the grass beside one of the little running streams with which the island is intersected in every direction. He had not lain long in this position, when he was aroused from the reverie into which the hour and the silence and the solitude had plunged him, by the most heavenly voice he had ever heard, although he had been permitted to frequent the opera during the whole of last winter, and had listened to Bosio, Albani and even Mario without the smallest emotion. The hour of his fate was come; for, on rising to ascertain whence these angelic sounds proceeded, he came suddenly upon the figure of the angelic being who had uttered them. The companions of his Imperial Highness are rude enough to say that the angel in question was rather—the least in the world—in need of a dip into the little stream by which she was seated, singing a wild strain to her little uncouth imitation of a guitar. In order to bring out the beauties which lay behind the mask, which much travel and the great heat of the journey had placed upon her exquisite features. But in this case, so far from being blind, the little imp, Cupid, enabled the prince's eye to penetrate beneath this crust to the miraculous beauties which lay beneath, and in an instant his heart and soul, and mind, and, indeed, his whole being, were full to the brim of love! No more study, no more obedience, nor Euclid, nor grammar, nor geometry for him! All such useless pursuits were to be thrown at once to the winds, and his whole life was henceforth to be devoted to the one and sole serious object worth living for, that of following to the end of the world this exquisitely beautiful, though half-naked maiden belonging to the gipsy tribe which had bivouacked in the pine wood of the island. Nor was the young prince over hasty in his avowal of this wise and noble resolution; for, when the father of the girl came back from the fair laden with sausages and rotten cabbage for the savory evening meal, he found the handsome, aristocratic-looking young stranger seated cozily side by side with his child, and entertaining her imagination with a lively description of the pearls and diamonds, the gold and silver with which his mother and his aunt's were accustomed to adorn themselves, and which she old most assuredly be shared by her, if she would only consent to let him accompany her over the universe.

The father was, however, fortunately of a prudent disposition. He beheld at once the folly of encouraging any wild freak of the kind, and perceiving, by instinct, that the youth must belong to some great family of the city, resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and assist in restoring the lad to reason. This resolution was soon accomplished. The comrades of the prince, terrified beyond expression at his disappearance, had sought out the tutor and confessed to him. The island had been searched, and the young delinquent soon found and given up, with the most unfeeling cruelty, by the gipsy father, and a few hours saw the Imperial adventurer snugly lodged in his own study, looking out upon the Neva. In one of the finest of the Imperial residences of St. Petersburg. Quiet was outwardly restored, but the tumult of the young heart was no more to be quieted. Love had taught the young prince a lesson of wisdom, however. He owned his feelings to no one, but on the first opportunity he again broke loose from all control, and was absent for three days, being found and restored by the merest accident. The frequent repetition of the same event, in spite of all the watching, had induced the Grand Duke, his father, to consent to his travelling for a while. And the young gipsy girl, who has been taken under the especial patronage of the Imperial family, after having been admitted to the public dancing school of St. Petersburg, is about to make her debut in Paris. They say that her talent as a dancer is nought, and that, having lost her voice entirely, the angelic strains of the pine wood have grown hoarse and unbearable, so that the first hope entertained by the Grand Duchess, her especial patroness of her becoming a singer has been disappointed. But while no expectation is entertained of her becoming celebrated as a dancer, yet so remarkable is her beauty, that her fame has already filled the courtesies of the opera, and the greatest curiosity is experienced concerning her. Count Orloff, the most respected judge of female beauty in the fashionable world, declares her to be perfection, but is strongly against her appearance so early as in May, according to the engagement entered into by the manager of the opera. In Paris, although beauty may be certainly a great element of success, it is not all—some degree of talent is necessary.

Meanwhile, what may be the ultimate intention of the Imperial family with regard to this miracle of loveliness, still remains a secret. The Russians declare that no sooner will she have made her debut than a Russian nobleman will fall so desperately in love with her that he will lay his name and fortune at her feet, and that he will immediately afterwards carry her far away to his castle in Bessarabia, where she will remain, while the young prince travels everywhere but in that direction. The name of the nobleman is already current among the Russian society of Paris, the exact amount of his debts known, and the figure of the Grand Duke's generosity ascertained to a fraction. For it is thus, without noise or scandal, rendering all parties content and offending none, that these things are managed in Russia.

EXTRAORDINARY SELF-SACRIFICE BY A CHINESE WIDOW.

A HONG KONG paper contains the following account by an eyewitness of a voluntary sacrifice of life by a disconsolate widow:

"A few days since I met a Chinese procession passing through the foreign settlement, escorting a young female in scarlet and gold. In a richly decorated chair, the object of which I found was to invite the public to come and see her hang herself, a step she had resolved to take in consequence of the death of her husband, by which she had been left a childless widow. Both being orphans, this event had severed her dearest earthly ties, and she hoped by this sacrifice to secure to herself eternal happiness, and a meeting with her husband in the next world. I repaired on the day appointed to the indicated spot. We had scarcely arrived when the same procession was seen advancing from the joss-house of the widow's native village towards a scaffold and gallows erected in an adjacent field, and surrounded by hundreds of natives of both sexes. The female portion, attired in their gayest holiday costume, were very numerous. The procession having reached the foot of the scaffold, the lady was assisted to ascend by her male attendant, and, after having welcomed the crowd, partook with some female relations of a repast prepared for her at a table on the scaffold, which she appeared to appreciate extremely. A child in arms was then placed upon the table, which she caressed and adorned with a necklace which she had worn herself; she then took an ornamental basket containing rice, herbs and flowers, and, whilst scattering them amongst the crowd, delivered a short address thanking them for their attendance, and upholding the motives which urged her to the step she was about to take.

"This done, a salute of three bombards announced the arrival of the time for the performance of the last act of her existence, when a delay was occasioned by the discovery of the absence of a reluctant brother, pending whose arrival let me describe the means of extermination.

"The gallows was formed by an upright timber on each side of the scaffold supporting a stout bamboo, from the centre of which was suspended a loop of red cord, with a small wooden ring embracing both parts of it, which was covered by a red silk handkerchief, the whole lining being surmounted by an awning. The missing brother having been induced to appear, the widow now proceeded to mount on a chair placed under the noose, and, to ascertain its fitness for her reception, deliberately placed her head in it; then, withdrawing her head, she waved a final adieu to the admiring spectators and committed herself to its embraces for the last time, throwing the red handkerchief over her head. Her supporters were now about to be withdrawn, when she was reminded by several voices from the crowd that she had omitted to draw down the ring which should tighten the cord round her neck. Smiling an acknowledgment of the reminder, she adjusted the ring, and, motioning away her supporters, was left hanging in mid air—a suicide. With extraordinary self-possession she now placed her hands together before her, and continued to perform the manual chin-chins until the convulsions of strangulation separated them, and she was dead.

"The body was left hanging about half an hour, and then taken down by her male attendants, one of whom immediately took possession of the halter, and was about to sever it, for the purpose of appropriating a portion, when a struggle ensued. This is the third instance of suicide of this sort within as many weeks. The authorities are quite unable to prevent it, and a monument is invariably erected to the memory of the devoted widow."

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts are not so softened over the tea-soup, and that men's souls flow open to each other with the tab-e-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secret nature, whereas the simple key of the tea-caddy will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

The following unique valentine was received by a lady:

"Soft is the down on the butterfly's wing
It is soft and meek
Soft is the voice that my true love does sing
But softer yet is her crimson cheek."

The following is the lady's reply:

"Soft is taters all smash'd up,
As soft as smash can be;
But softer yet is the silly swain
Who wrote that verse to me."

To get a duck for dinner. Jump into the river.

MAN is an animal, so is a hog. It is a bad rule that won't work both ways; therefore, man is a hog.

JO-ATHAN: "Hallo, neighbor, what be ye gwynn tew dew with that air cowhide?"

"Zelk, se! Whoy, I've got a tarnation crotur of a boley what forgots to go to kule, and I want to jog his mem'ry."

A YOUNGSTER from the country was walking along, and upon seeing a lawyer's office, walked in and inquired:

"What do you keep to sell here?"

"Blockheads," replied the lawyer.

"Pretty good business," said the chap; "I see you've got only one left."

A GOOD anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread and said to the magistrate, exclaiming, "You don't catch him that way! I'm no vagrant. An't them vaille means o' support, I should like to know?"

"Jomr," said a quaker to a young friend, "I hear that thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never to marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife I was worth just fifty shillings and she was worth sixty-two; and whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown the odd shillings in my face."

A WOMAN putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging everything to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call chaos. Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in fingering men's papers. The mischief, and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day that are engendered by the latter practice, surpasses all belief.

SPEAKING OF ERRORS of the press, Mr. Fyrcroft relates, in his "Ways and Words of M. n. Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such unlimited confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blind readers of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one post through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say,

"See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire;"

instead of which we made him say,

"See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poor gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature.

How they must shudder, they who are wont to order juggled hare in the Paris restaurants, when they read the subjoined:

An elderly married female, of the name of Plot, and a well-dressed man appeared, three days ago, before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Lyons, and the former, with tears, said,

"I complain of this man for having made a civet of Juliette!"

"Juliette! What do you mean?" asked the President.

"My cat, my poor cat, sir! This person, who is a friend of my husband's, am to see us on Christmas Eve, and Juliette having jumped on his knees, he said, 'Madame, she is a beautiful Angora, and so fat that she would make an excellent civet.' 'Ah, yes,' cried my husband, 'and her skin would form an excellent moff for my wife.' Some time after we sat down to supper, and the man insisted on offering us a civet, which was very good. But when, after supper, I sought for my cat, she could not be found, and after a while I discovered that this man secretly killed, skinned and cooked her, and that she, in fact, formed the savory dish of which we had partaken. I was horrified at such an abominable act, and—"

Here the woman burst into a new flood of tears which prevented her continuing her narrative. The defendant, who seemed rather ashamed of his real sin, admitted that, in connivance with the woman's husband, he had killed her cat and served it up for supper, but he protested that he had only done so as a joke. The President told him that to kill domestic animals belonging to other persons is an offence in law, and fined him thirty francs.

WHAT female namesake of the poet Dante is very musical? Ann Dante.

CUSTOM invariably lessens admiration. "Not invariably," says our publisher.

Among the curiosities in a late Dublin paper, are "Lines on the death of an unborn infant."

The man who minds his own business was in Littleton the other day, but left immediately, he felt so lonesome.

Many persons admire the lightning. It is very grand and very beautiful, but we never personally struck by it.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight for.

An Arkansas traveller says that he knew a young fellow down South who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

The man that cooked "the cold charities of the world" has entered into a contract with an extensive restaurant to furnish fried icicles and hot soup made of Norwegian snow.

GENTLEMAN OF HER SEX—"What did you say was the principle of the stereoscope?"

Alfred—"Why, it makes two people into one."

Best and brightest (innocently)—"What a delightful invention!"

Two gentlemen were lately examining the breast of a plough on a stall in a market place. "I'll bet you a guinea," said one, "you don't know what this is for."

"Done!" said the other; "it is for sale."

An editor out west prints all his marvellous accounts of murders, elopements and robberies on India-rubber paper, so that his readers may be able to stretch these stories to any length that pleases them.

It is related of an elderly dandy, who was more noted for running in debt than for paying his trade men, that he always made an exception in favor of his wig-maker, that he might be enabled to say that he wore his "own hair."

A poet was once walking with Talleyrand in the street, and at the same time reciting some of his own verses. Talleyrand perceived, at a short distance, a man yawning, and pointing him out to his friend, said: "Not so loud—he hears you."

An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I'm able."

At a late military dinner in Baltimore one of the visitors proposed a toast, "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other;" but the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word "distress" completely changed the sentiment and caused much merriment by the blunder.

"My love," said Sharpwits to his wife, "why is a Laplander like like an umbrella-maker?"

"Cause he derives his support from the reindeer."

"Try another," said he, as he threw himself on the sofa on Saturday night.

"Why is your tired husband like an umbrella?"

"Because he protects me from the elements, my love."

"Not a bit of it, darling, but because he is used up."

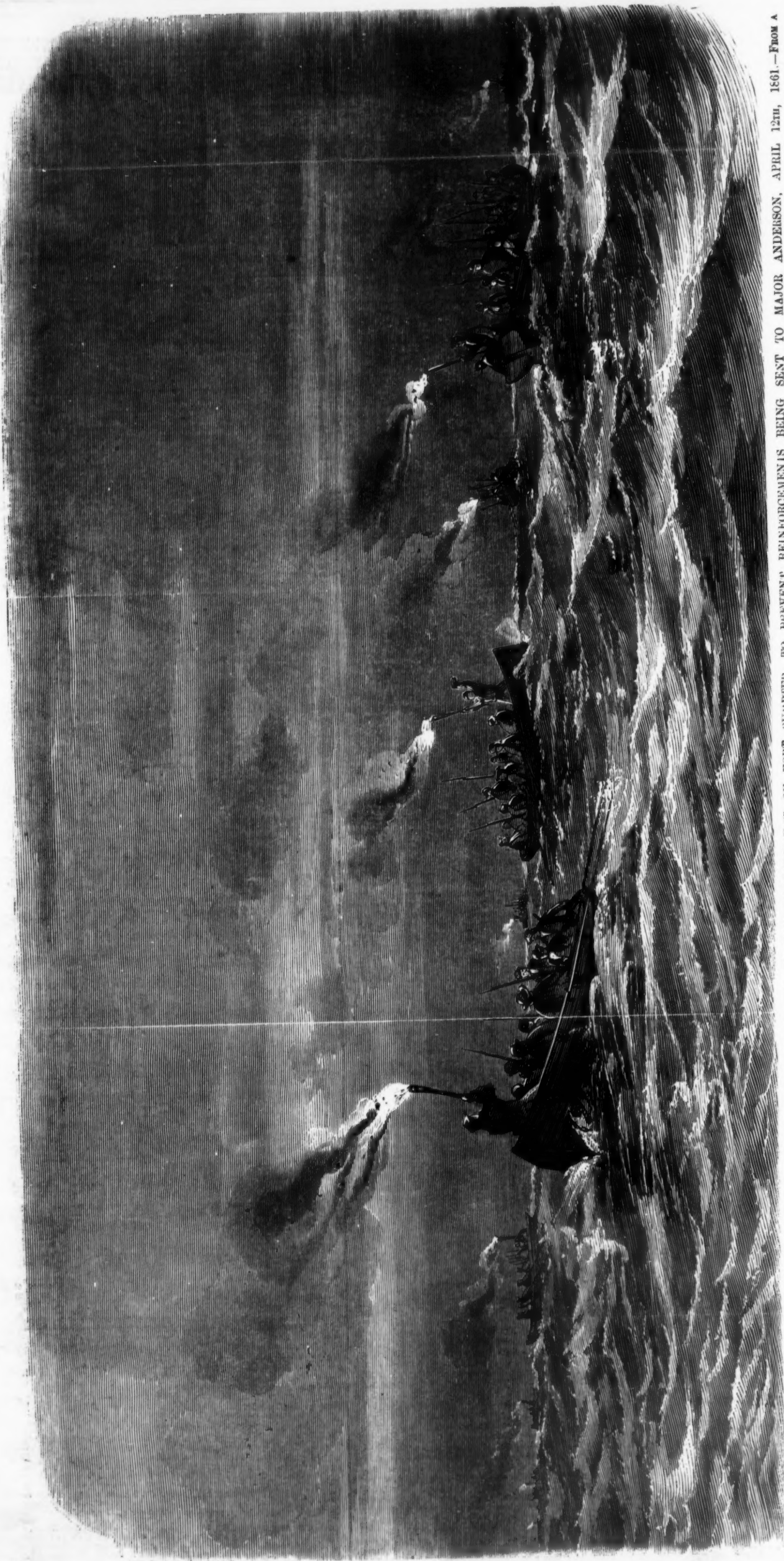
Two physicians (Dr. A. and Dr. B.) met, when the following took place in presence of a crowd of "listeners." Dr. A., thinking a little exercise and fresh air preferable to physic, had taken one of his patients to ride that morning, which was seen by Dr. B., who addressed Dr. A. in this wise:

"Well, doctor, I saw you taking one of your patients to ride."

"Exactly," said Dr. B., "a thing I never do, is to take my patients out to ride."

"I know it," said Dr. A.; "the undertaker does it for you."

A MOVING EPICURE—a pious brother, before an American Association, a few years since made the following speech: "I would urge upon you, brethren, the taking of the Western Recorder." Turning to the delegation from a church in Tennessee, "And you, brethren, ought to take it too, as the interests of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee are very closely allied, and will become much more so upon the completion of the Nashville and Milledgeville Railroad, which I pray may not be long, as I have about fifteen thousand dollars invested in that enterprise."



THE NIGHT GUARD OF BOATS ON CHARLESTON HARBOR DURING THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMPTER, TO PREVENT REINFORCEMENTS BEING SENT TO MAJOR ANDERSON, APRIL 12TH, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST ON MORRIS ISLAND

GUARD BOATS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR
On the Night of the 12th of April, intended to intercept reinforcements for Major Anderson.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD proved himself an able commander, and showed that, beside thoroughly understanding the strategy of war, he possessed caution and prudence. The object of the bombardment was to reduce the fort before assistance could arrive, as should the expected reinforcements reach their destination, the defence of the position might be both protracted and bloody. To defeat the proposed reinforcement therefore was the one object of General Beauregard, and the vigor and perseverance of the first day's siege gave evidence of his determination to carry out his plan if possible.

When night closed in his vigilance did not sleep. The expected assistance could only arrive by boats, and although the glare from the shells which were poured into Fort Sumpter lit up the murky sky continually, the darkness was such that boats might slip past unseen. To prevent

this manoeuvre a small fleet of boats cruised about the harbor all the night. The effect was picturesque and beautiful, as the boats rising and falling with the motion of the waves caused the flashing torches held by the men to dance in weird motion.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FOR WASHINGTON.

From the moment that it was known that the pet regiment of New York, the gallant Seventh, was to be the first body of our citizen soldiers to enter upon the campaign at the requisition of the President, the excitement among the people was intense. The gallantry, the loyalty and the liberality of this regiment have endeared it to the people, and it seemed as though every family in the city was losing a dear friend. It comprises, in truth, the flower of our citizens; members of the wealthiest of our families, and men who control tens of thousands of dollars are found in

its ranks. But it is not wealth or aristocratic pretension which have won for the Seventh the ardent sympathy of our people; it is the gallant, dashing, soldierly spirit, the promptitude in emergencies, and the devotion to duty which has ever characterized it, which have placed it where it stands so high in the love and in the estimation of our citizens.

Early on the morning of Friday, the 19th, the day appointed for the departure of the regiment, there was an extraordinary excitement in the city. Windows along the whole line of march were taken possession of, and groups of people accumulated on the stoops of houses and at the corners of every street. By three o'clock in the afternoon Broadway was densely crowded from Fourth street down to Wall street, and from Cortlandt street to the ferry the regiment had to force its way almost in single file, so dense was the mass of people assembled.

The regiment formed in Lafayette place, which was also filled to its uttermost capacity, every window and balcony being crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs, scarfs and

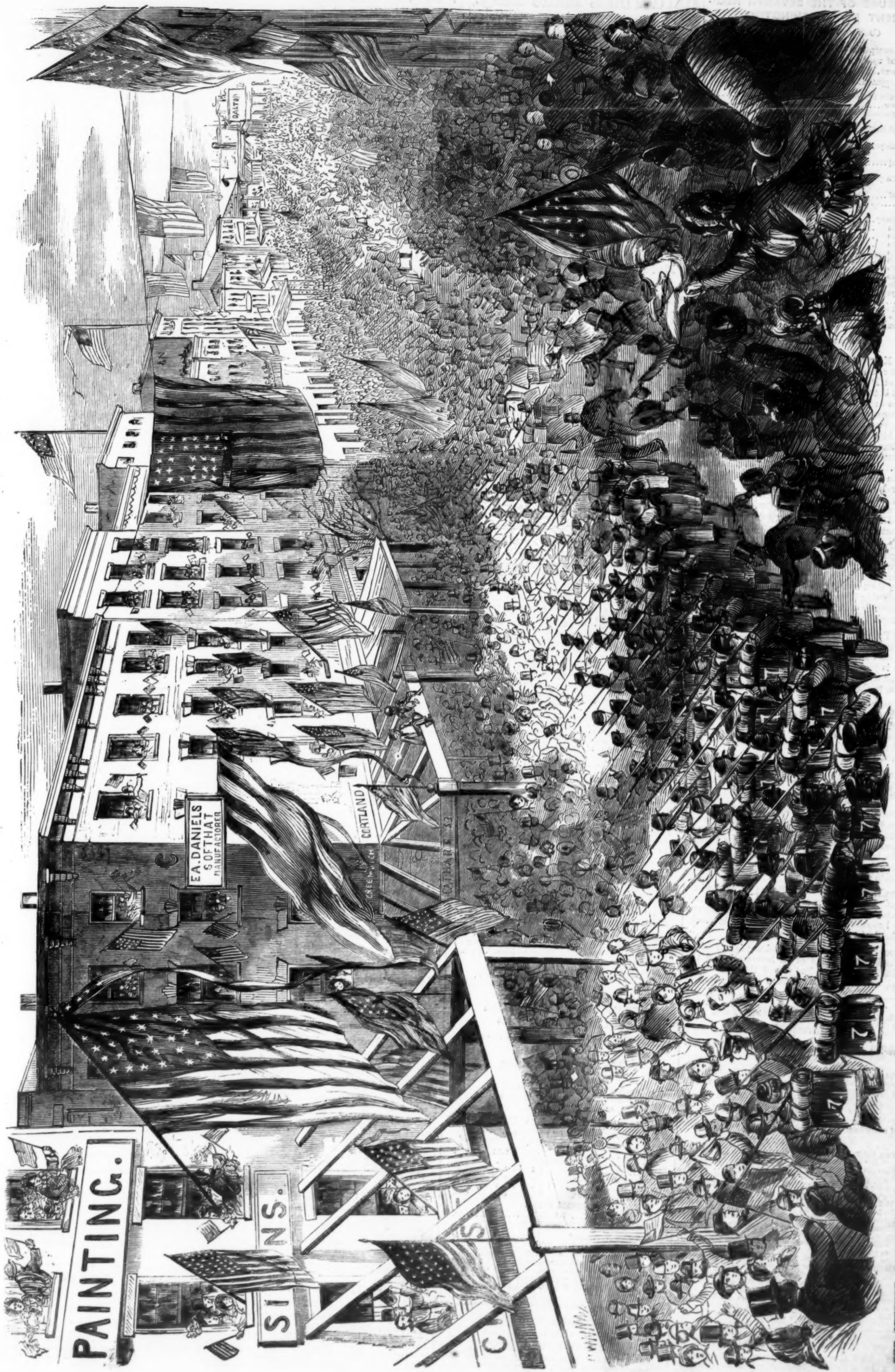
flags. As company after company moved on deafening cheers arose, continuing until the last file had turned into Broadway, when a rush was made to catch another last look at the gallant fellows. But the new comers had little chance, for a solid mass of living bodies intervened. The march down Broadway was the most triumphant ovation we ever beheld. The familiar greetings of friends, the waving of hats, handkerchiefs and flags from the crowd, the door-stoops, the windows, the roofs, and the shouts long, loud and protracted, made up a scene of enthusiasm and excitement rarely or never witnessed before.

At Ball, Black & Co.'s Major Anderson had a full view of the procession. He took a stand just behind the beautiful eagle erected over the entrance to the building. When some one cried, "That's Anderson," there arose a shout which the revilers of his honorable fame ought to have heard. All eyes were bent upon him, and each throat seemed to vie with all others in cheering for the hero of Fort Sumpter. It was a moment of triumph for the gallant Major, and when, in response, he raised his military cap

and bowed, the shout was renewed again and again. As the Seventh approached the Park, where at least ten thousand people were jammed together, their reception beggars description, so wild and demonstrative was the enthusiasm. Steadily onward they marched, looking neither to the right nor to the left until they arrived at Cortlandt street, when their progress became difficult. During a temporary halt at that place a venerable man with snow-white hair rushed in front of the staff and cried out, his whole frame quivering with excitement, "God bless you, boys! God bless you, boys! Do your duty—fight for your flag! Bring them all back, Colonel, every one of them. They won't let me shake hands with you, but God bless you, boys!"

This little incident produced an intense sensation, and "God bless you, boys!" was caught up by ten thousand lips. At last they reached the ferry, and as they left the wharf cheer answering cheer burst forth in tones of thunder, while the chimes of old Trinity pealed forth "Yankee Doodle."

Continued on page 382.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-ONE STRONG, PASSING DOWN CORTLANDT STREET, ON THEIR WAY TO THE PHILADELPHIA RAILROAD, EN ROUTE FOR THE CAPITOL WASHINGTON, APRIL 19th, 1861.

Cephalic Pills

CURE
Sick Headache,
CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Constipation. For *Men, Students, Delicate Females*, and all persons of sedentary habits they are valuable as a Laxative improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the Stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

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PRICE, 25 CENTS.

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HENRY C. SPALDING,
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THE FOLLOWING INDORSEMENTS OF
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Will convince all who suffer from

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THAT A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE IS WITHIN THEIR REACH.

These Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING—Sir—I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and I like them so well that I want you to send me two dollars worth more. Part of the box are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige
Your obt. Servant, JAMES KENNEDY.

HAYESFORD, PA., Feb. 6, 1861.

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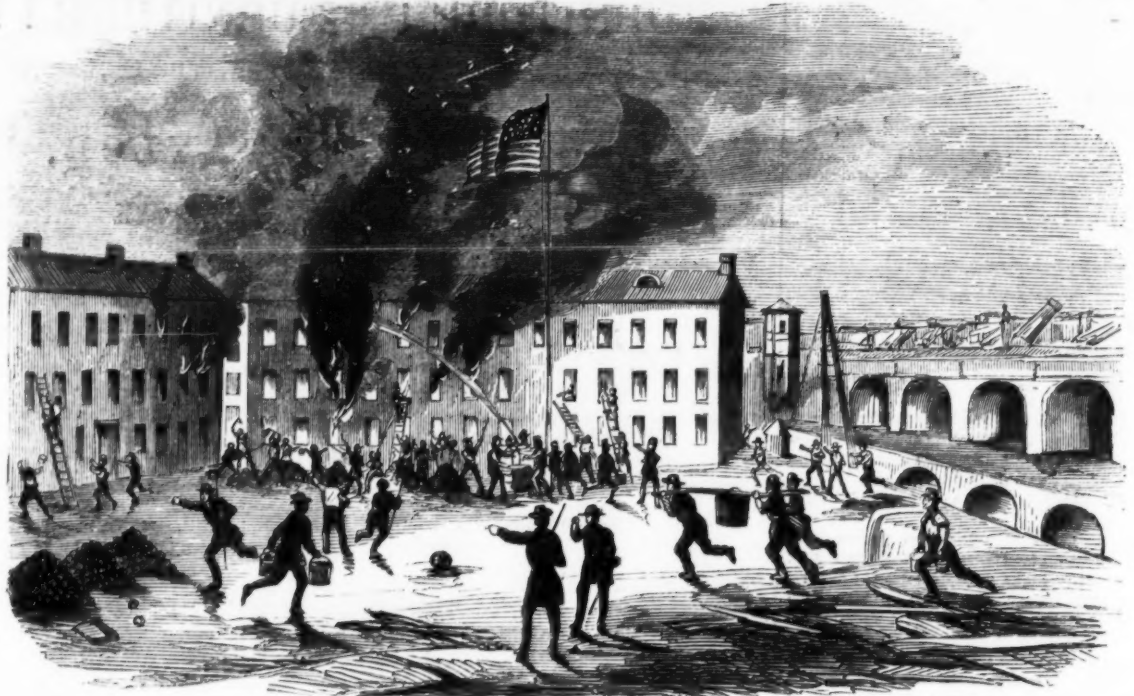
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